Newport Mercury.

THE OLDEST PAPER IN AMERICA. ESTABLISHED BY FRANKLIN 1758.

VOLUME CXXXVIII—No. 51. NEWPORT, R. I., MAY 29, 1897. WHOLE NUMBER 7,860.

The Newport Mercury,

—PUBLISHED BY—

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.,

102 THAMES STREET,

NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1758, and is now in its one hundred and thirty-ninth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of fifty-six columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments.—Reaching so many households in this and other States, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

TERMS: $2.00 a year in advance. Single copies in wrappers, 5 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news rooms in the city.

Specimen copies sent free, and special terms given advertisers by addressing the publisher.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall.

NEWPORT COUNCIL No. 31, Order United American Mechanics, John S. Carr, Councillor; James E. Mathewson, Recording Secretary, meets every Monday evening.

EXCELSIOR LODGE No. 49, I. O. of O. F., Herbert Knill, Noble Grand; Perry B. Dawley, Secretary; meets every Tuesday evening.

MALBONE LODGE No 93, N. E. O. P., Henry H. Young, Warden; James H. Goddard, Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Wednesday evenings in each month.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, Dr. Frederick Bradley, President; Alexander McClellan, Secretary; meets 2d and 4th Wednesday evenings of each month.

PENNSYLVANIA LODGE, No. 336, K. of H., Dictator, Edwin Nolan; Reporter, C. H Chase; meets 2d and 4th Thursday evenings.

REDWOOD LODGE No. 11, K. of P., Thomas Logan, Chancellor Commander; Daniel P. Bull, Keeper of Records and Seal; meets every Friday evening.

DAVIS DIVISION No. 8, U. R. K. of P., Sir Knight Captain, A. B. Davis; Charles H. Ellis, Recorder; meets first Friday evening in each month.

Local Matters.

Commandery Outing.

Washington Commandery, No. 4, K. T., left here on the three o'clock train Thursday afternoon for their long looked-for trip to Boston as guests of Joseph Warren Commandery of that city. This is a return visit to one that Joseph Warren Commandery made here some years ago. Accompanied by the Newport Band, the local commandery, about fifty strong, made a short street parade on their way to the train, and presented an excellent appearance. Eminent Commander Henry C. Stevens, Jr., was in command.

On their arrival at Boston, they were met at the Park Square station by Joseph Warren Commandery accompanied by a band of music, and escorted to their asylum in the Roxbury district. There a light collation was served after which both commanderies proceeded to the 1st Universalist Church where the service for Ascension Day was celebrated. Later an elegant banquet was served at the Hotel Brunswick where Washington Commandery made its headquarters.

Yesterday morning carriages were provided for a drive through the park system of the city and on the return both commanderies dined at the Brunswick. After a busy and highly enjoyable day Washington Commandery was escorted to the Park Square station to take the train for home, arriving here last evening via the Fall River Line.

Commander Converse, who has been in charge of the Torpedo Station since January 2, 1893, has been detached therefrom and ordered to the command of the Montgomery, to succeed Commander Bradford, the change to take effect July 1. During his stay at the station Commander Converse has had supervision of the torpedo boats built and now being built by the Herreshoff works at Bristol, and many of their features are due to his suggestions. He has made many friends in Newport, who will regret his departure. He will be succeeded at the station by Lieutenant Commander T. C. McLean, who is a well known torpedo expert, and was attached to the Torpedo Station in 1872, in 1876-7, in 1884, and from 1889 to March, 1893. He was a member of the government delegation to the international electrical congress and of the commission of the electrical exhibition at Paris in 1881 and naval attache at Vienna and government representative at the Vienna electrical exhibition in 1883.

The annual meet of the Brown University Interscholastic Athletic Association will be held on Monday next on Lincoln Field, Providence. The five schools which will send representatives are Rogers High School, Providence High School, Fall River High School, East Providence High School and Friends school.

Minneola Council No. 3, Degree of Pocahontas, held a very enjoyable basket social at its wigwam in the Southwick building Tuesday evening. Dancing was enjoyed to music by the Naval Station orchestra, Mr. B. F. Downing, prompting.

Mrs. James R. White of Providence is visiting relatives in this city.

Steamer General Burnside.

There was a hearing in the United States District Court in Providence this week on the claim of Edward I. Brownell of Bristol against the steamer General of the Newport and Wickford Line. Mr. Brownell wants to secure damages for a collision that occurred last summer between the General and his sloop yacht Gypsy at the entrance to Newport harbor. It is claimed that shortly after sunset and, before dark on August 6, 1896, the Gypsy was approaching Newport. The steamboat was just leaving this city in charge of Capt. Tubbs on her way to Wickford, and the yacht was opposite Coaster's Harbor Island, having entered the harbor with the purpose of anchoring. The steamer struck the yacht on the starboard side, carrying away the entire after-half of the mainsail, boom and gaff, crushed in the starboard quarter, broke the top of the topmast, destroyed the standing rigging, knocked in the starboard rail, carried away the stops, bent hook and tender, wrenched the frame of the boat and knocked one passenger into the water. The steamboat company says that Mr. Brownell was sailing for pleasure, and the boat was not well manned, well tackled, apparelled or appointed. It says that he handled it with recklessness and want of skill, that he was not on the lookout for danger, and that it was not earlier than 8:30 p. m., contrary to the statements of Mr. Brownell that it was before dark. It is also claimed that there were no lights visible on the yacht.

Real Estate Sales and Rentals.

Silas Hopkins has sold to Henry Steere the estate on Hawthorne and Second streets, containing 4800 square feet.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented for Albert Caswell, his third store in the Caswell Block, opposite to Ferry wharf, in Jamestown, to Luke Doucette, for use as a bicycle store.

T. W. Freeborne has sold at mortgagee's sale, the B. Clarence Brown estate on Broadway, containing 5,250 square feet of land, to Samuel McAdam, the mortgagee, for $4,500.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented for Mrs. Miriam T. Champlin, the well known summer hotel, the Champlin House in Jamestown, to Miss E. Hepworth of New York, for the summer season.

Dellicis & Eldridge have rented for the Newport Land Trust cottage "A," situated on the southerly side of Second Beach avenue, to Rt. Rev. Thomas M. Clark, D. D., bishop of Rhode Island, for the coming season.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented for H. B. Hazard the upper tenement of his house 26 Brinley street to Miss Finlay of Pawtucket, for the summer season.

George H. Sharp and wife have quitclaimed to Ferdinand D. Carr their undivided quarter interest in the estate of Benjamin U. Carr on Prospect Hill st.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented on lease for Bedros Karanjian, the upper apartment at 144 Bellevue avenue, to Timothy J. Geaney.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented for Thos. H. Clarke, the so-called Clarke cottage on Narragansett avenue Jamestown, to Christopher L. Champlin, for the summer months.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented for Dr. W. H. Cotton the upper half of his house 47 Mill street to Mr. Butts.

Death of Mr. George Lawton.

Mr. George Lawton died suddenly at the residence of his brother, Mr. Lewis Lawton, on Bridge street, where he was calling, early Tuesday morning. Mr. Lawton had not enjoyed good health for a number of years, but his death was entirely unexpected at this time and was a great shock to his relatives and the host of friends in this city.

Mr. Lawton had been engaged in the harness-making business for many years and his shop was a popular rendezvous for a large number of his friends. He leaves but one son, Mr. Henry H. Lawton, his wife and a daughter having died within the past five years. His funeral was solemnized from his late residence on Bull street Thursday afternoon, Rev. T. Calvin McClelland officiating. The bearers were Messrs. George P. Lawton, Gorton Anderson, Thomas Aylsworth, William J. Underwood, John Howard and James H. Hammett.

Hon. Thomas Coggeshall has returned to his home on Kay street, after an extended visit to St. Louis and New York.

Mrs. Thomas Gould of Providence has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. W. A. Williams, on Warner street, this week.

Mrs. George Grant of Providence has been the guest of her father, Hon. Charles H. Burdick, this week.

Rev. and Mrs. T. Calvin McClelland have returned from a two weeks' visit to the South.

Mr. and Mrs. P. S. Taggart of New York have arrived for the season.

Miss Jennie Gilmore of Providence is visiting friends in this city.

'Lection Observances.

In accordance with annual custom 'Lection day was as wet and stormy as any of its predecessors, that is, until afternoon. The clouds of Monday afternoon which threatened showers every minute, developed into a copious downfall of rain before midnight, which continued far into the wee sma' hours. Tuesday morning dawned with every prospect of a pleasant day, but the scattering clouds soon hid the smiling countenance of the sun, and rain, from a nasty drizzle to hard showers, fell almost continuously. Between twelve and two o'clock, however, the sun came out and although several attempts were made by the clouds to drive Old Sol into retirement, their efforts were of no avail and to the delight of all, he reigned supreme until his hour for setting. The ceremonies began Monday afternoon with the arrival of the Providence boat containing His Excellency Governor Lippitt, members of his staff and of the General Assembly. They were met by the Newport Artillery Company, Company B, of the 2d R. I. militia and the Newport Naval Reserve Torpedo Company, and, headed by the Newport Band, a procession was formed and His Excellency was escorted to The Aquidneck. In the evening the several caucuses of the General Assembly were held at The Aquidneck.

A most pleasing social function of the season was the reception given at the Armory by the Newport Artillery Company. The Newport Band rendered a very enjoyable programme of concert music and a collation was served by Caterer Allan and a corps of waiters under the supervision of the commissary officers of the company. The guests included beside the governor and governor-elect, the several officers of the State and militia, members of the General Assembly and prominent citizens of the state.

At 9 o'clock Tuesday morning His Excellency the Governor, His Honor the Lieutenant Governor, the other general officers of the State and members of the General Assembly were conducted to the State House, the line being made up as follows:

Col. A. A. Barker of the Newport Artillery, in command of the line.
Lieut. A. J. DeBlois, Adjutant.
Platoon of Police, Sergeant Charles A. Gillen in command.
Newport Band.
Co. B, 2d Regiment, R. I. M., Capt. W. H. Underwood commanding.
Newport Naval Reserve Torpedo Co. Lieut. H. G. Wilke, commanding.
Newport Artillery, Lieut. Col. Herbert Bliss, commanding, special escort to command-er-in-chief.
Staff.
His Excellency, Charles Warren Lippitt, Adjutant General Frederic M. Sackett, James Anthony, High Sheriff Newport County, Lt. John H. Stacy of Newport Artillery.
General and Personal Staff.
Orderlies with State Colors.
His Honor Lieutenant Governor Edwin R. Allen and other general officers of the State.
Chaplain of the Day of the Senate, Rev. Emory H. Porter.
Chaplain of the Day of the House, Rev. Edgar S. Kilpatrick.
Members-elect of the Senate and House of Representatives.

Upon arrival at the State House the members of the State Government proceeded with the business in hand and the line was dismissed. In the afternoon upon the proclamation being made from the balcony of the State House of the election as the State's executive of Hon. Elisha Dyer, a salute was fired by the gun squad of the Artillery Company and the line was formed to escort His Excellency Governor Dyer to his headquarters, as follows:—

Col. A. A. Barker, command of line.
Lieut. A. J. DeBlois, Adjutant.
Platoon of Police, Sergeant David I. Scott in command.
Second U. S. Artillery Band.
Capt. Wm. Vose in command of Fort Adams troops.
Batteries B, D and F, 2d U. S. Artillery, Lieut. Niles commanding.
Co. B, 2d Regiment, R. I. M., Capt. W. H. Underwood commanding.
Newport Naval Reserve Torpedo Co., Lieut. H. G. Wilke commanding.
Second U. S. Light Artillery, Lieut. Schumm commanding.
Newport Band.
Newport Artillery, Lieut. Col. Herbert Bliss in command, special escort and body guard to Commander-in-chief.
Carriage containing His Excellency Elisha Dyer, Brig. Gen. Frederic M. Sackett, Adj't General; James Anthony, High Sheriff of Newport County; Lieut. J. H. Stacy of the Newport Artillery Company.
Personal staff Mounted.
Orderlies with flag.
General Staff in Carriages.
Carriages containing His Honor Lieutenant-Governor Aram J. Pothier; Lieutenant C. W. Abbot, Jr., U. S. A.; Hon. Charles P. Bennett, Secretary of State, Hon. Samuel Clark, General Treasurer; Hon. Willard B. Tanner, Attorney General, and members of the General Assembly.

The procession moved through Broadway, Marlboro, Thames, Young and Bowery streets, Bellevue avenue, Kay street, Cranston avenue, Broadway, Spring and Pelham streets to the Aquidneck, where the usual honors were paid to His Excellency and the parade dismissed.

The usual crowd was out 'Lection night and the fakirs on Washington Square did a thriving business. There were a number of social events, the Business Men's Association, Lawrence Club, County Club, Powhattan Cycle Club, Golden Rod Club and other organizations keeping open house; the Golden Rod Club giving a "ladies' night" in the evening. Minneola Council a basket social and the Newport Social Club a promenade concert.

Mr. Edward T. Molden of this city has been engaged as organist, during the months of June and July, at St. Stephen's Church, Providence, in the absence of Mr. William H. Arnold, who is going abroad.

Base Ball.

The games of the week have been for the most part close and exciting contests in which superior skill and alertness have won the day. Newport has retained her place at the head of the league but has had to do some strong hustling to succeed. Some dissatisfaction has been expressed at certain of the official umpires and it is believed that there is good foundation for the grumbling. The attendance at all the games has been large, the number of spectators at the afternoon contest on 'Leetion day being the largest ever assembled on Freebody Park.

On Saturday the Newports visited Fall River and were victorious in a close and exciting contest. Both teams put up a stiff game and victory was not won until the ninth inning. In the fifth Fall River tied the score with two runs and from then until the ninth when Crisham brought in the winning run, the score was even. Gallagher occupied the box for Newport and Moynihan for Fall River, the former being found for eleven hits and the latter for six. Gilbert's work in the field was great, having seven putouts out of the same number of chances. Pickett made a three-bagger which brought in a run. The score:

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Newport	2	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	1—5
Fall River	1	1	0	0	2	0	0	0	0—4

Monday's game with Taunton brought another victory for Newport, for this time the tail-enders of the league did not succeed in winning from the leaders as they have done heretofore. Ashe, who was recently sold to Taunton by the local management, appeared in the box for the visitors and was batted freely, eleven hits being secured from him. For the home team Hawley pitched a fast steady game allowing but five hits. Errors were few, Newport having but one and Taunton four. The score:

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Newport	0	3	2	0	0	4	0	0	0—9
Taunton	0	0	0	2	0	0	1	0	0—3

New Bedford was scheduled to play here at 10:30 Tuesday morning but did not appear on time so the game was forfeited to Newport 9-0. When the visitors arrived on the grounds later, Manager Finn expected them to play an exhibition game but they declined with thanks.

In the afternoon, nearly three thousand people assembled on Freebody Park to witness the game with Pawtucket. A hard fought contest was expected and the spectators were not disappointed. Although the weather in the morning was not propitious, in the afternoon it had so far improved as to encourage the large audience to assemble on the grounds. For two and a half hours the teams battled for supremacy and at the end of that time neither side had scored but one run. For seven innings not a man crossed the plate, but in the eighth each side brought one man around the bases, making the score one each. The game was called in the twelfth with the score still tied. Dowd pitched for the home team and his work was excellent, as was also that of Todd, who was in the box for the visitors. The game was characterized by fast and brilliant fielding, with a scarcity of errors, but the main contest was in the pitcher's box. During the game a collection was taken up for the benefit of "Jack" Morriman and the audience contributed liberally. The score:

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Newport	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0
Pawtucket	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0

Wednesday's game was with Taunton, and it was in that city that Newport had some difficulty with the umpire. His decisions were way off, and Manager Finn protested and was obliged to leave the grounds. Although the Newports did not play as well in the field as usual they might have won the game but for the umpiring. Foley pitched for Newport and as usual received but passable support, while McDougall for Taunton did good work in the box and received excellent support. The score:

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Taunton	1	1	0	0	0	0	1	1	—4
Newport	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0—1

Pawtucket did not keep up to the high standard set in the Election Day game, when she met Newport again on Thursday. In fact she proved to be an easy thing and was beaten by a score of 9-0. McCafferty pitched for the visitors and was batted all over the field, fourteen being the number of hits secured from him. The visitors were unable to find Hawley at all, and were held down to four hits, nor were they at any time near scoring. Pickett, Dinsmore and Hawley led in batting, the first named cracking a home run over left field fence. Gilbert and Grant, who are usually strong at the bat, were the only members of the team who did not make a hit. The score:

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Newport	2	0	2	2	0	0	2	0	1—9
Pawtucket	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Mr. John H Tompkins, father of Mrs. E. A. Brown of this city, died Saturday evening at his home in Little Compton, after a brief illness. He was sixty-eight years of age, and one of the best known citizens of Newport county. He leaves five children.

MEMORIAL DAY.

MONDAY, May 31, 1897.

PROGRAMME OF THE DAY.

Formation of Line.

The Line will form at one o'clock p. m., on Broadway, the right resting on Mann avenue.

W. S. Bailey, Commanding Line.
Andrew K. McMahon, Past Department Commander, U. S. A., Adjutant of the Day.
Aids.—Geo. A. Pritchard, Henry Bull, Jr., John H. Kinsy, John B. Mason.
Platoon of Police.
Newport Band, Prof. W. H. Appelles, Leader.
Newport Artillery Company, Col. A. A. Barker, Commanding, Escort to the G. A. R.
Charles E. Lawton Post, No. 5, G. A. R., Senior Vice Commander Arthur B. Tuell, Commanding.
Gen. G. K. Warren Post, No. 21, G. A. R., Commander Wm. O. Milne Commanding.
Gen. G. K. Warren Post Associates, Henry W. Clarke, President.
Newport Naval Reserve Torpedo Co., Lieut. H. G. Wilke, Commanding.
Trinity Church Cadets.
Emmanuel Church Cadets.
Disabled soldiers and Sailors.
Veterans of the Mexican War.
Flower Wagons.
President, Orator and Chaplain of the Day, Representative to Congress, Officers U. S. Army and Navy; Collector of Customs and Postmaster; His Honor, the Mayor, Officers of the City Government; Clergy; Members of the Press and Invited Guests, in carriages.
Light Battery B, 4th U. S. Artillery, Lieut. Niles, Commanding.

The several organizations will report to A. K. McMahon, Adjutant, who will assign them to their positions.

ROUTE OF MARCH.

The line will move promptly at 1:30 p. m., up Broadway to the Soldiers and Sailors' Monument. After decorating the same, the line will resume march to Cranston avenue, up Cranston avenue to Kay street, through Kay street and Bellevue avenue to Pelham street, down Pelham to Spring to the Congregational church, where the following exercises will be observed, Wm. O. Milne, commander Gen. G. K. Warren Post 21, presiding:

Music.
Prayer by Chaplain of the Day, Rev. Brewer G. Boardman.
Reading Roll of Honor of Veterans Deceased During the past Year by Comrade John B. Mason.
Music.
Oration by Rev. T. C. McClelland.
Music.
Benediction.

At the close of the exercises the line will be reformed and move to and up Thames and Warner streets to the Island Cemetery, when the graves of deceased comrades will be decorated. After ample time has been given for decorating the graves, the Assembly will be sounded and Comrades will assemble in the Island Cemetery at the Soldiers' lot and participate in the Memorial Service, conducted by Wm. O. Milne.

Sounding of Taps.

National Salute by Light Battery B.

Battery B. will leave line at head of Thames street and move to Long Lane, where they will fire the salute.

The line will be reformed and march through Warner street to Thames, down Thames to Marlborough street, where the line will be dismissed.

WM. S. BAILEY,
Commander of Line.

A. K. McMAHON,
Adjutant.

Gaul's Holy City by the Euterpe Society.

After a prolonged period of hibernation, the Euterpe Society Thursday evening presented itself again to the public in Gaul's Holy City. It must be confessed that the selection was scarcely the best possible for a renascent performance. Although in this cantata there are passages of considerable beauty, the work as a whole lacks originality. The themes, which are often commonplace, are worked over and over to utter bareness. The overture is a delightful composition (by the way, it was most admirably played by Mr. Hill), but it does not seem to have any organic connection with the composition which it precedes. The music is strongly religious in spirit, but is almost totally devoid of dramatic force, and as a consequence it becomes tiresome, before the close, in its "prettiness" and monotony.

The chorus last night did fairly good work, but in places it was as ragged as a bush fence. The singers have not learned to keep their eyes on the conductor's baton, and as a result the time was uncertain and the phrasing obscured. In most of the numbers the attack was fairly good, in there was a marked lack of delicacy in shading. The chorus has good material, but the volume of tone obtained by its size does not compensate for the raggedness of the general effect caused by faulty intonation on the part of a few. The trio was carefully phrased, but the voices were not well harmonized, and the effect was thin.

Mrs. Doty Spooner took the soprano solos with a conscientiousness and zeal which was praiseworthy.

Miss Gertrude Edmonds, contralto, sang her numbers with a feeling and expression which would have won her hearty applause, had not Mr. Irons requested that no applause be given at the concert. Miss Edmonds' voice is rich and beautiful, her intonation is excellent, and she sings with a fine taste.

Mr. Towne, the tenor, has a pleasing voice and sang conscientiously. His singing, however, lacked spontaneity and color.

Mr. Smith, the baritone, has a good voice, rich and full, and though it lacks training, it must be said that his singing was careful and creditable.

Mr. Hill's touch on the organ is delicate and firm and his rendering of the overture and interlude was very sympathetic. His accompaniment of the chorus was discriminating, and the organ was never permitted to overpower the voices. Mr. Boone's pianoforte accompaniments were acceptable.

The General Assembly.

The May session of the General Assembly was formally convened here Tuesday, the members being escorted to the State House with all the ceremony usual to the occasion. The two bodies were at once called to order—the Senate by His Excellency Gov. Lippitt, and the House of Representatives by Hon. John W. Rogers of Newport. The oath was administered to the members-elect by Secretary of State Bennett, after which the House organized by the unanimous election of Hon. J. Edward Studley of Providence speaker, Judge Thomas Z. Lee and Col. Raymond G. Mowry reading and recording clerk respectively, and the following pages: Rev. Mahlon Van Horne (doorkeeper), William S. Moffitt, Raymond S. Titus, Amasa M. Chase, Archie C. Sherman, John J. Peckham, Jr., John R. Sanborn, Lawrence Goffe, Clarke Brown, Chester Gladding, William L. Northrop and Abner Slocum.

The Senate organized by the election of Judge Eugene F. Warner reading clerk and the following pages: John H. Corcoran (doorkeeper), Robert Cary Benton, Harry B. Landers, Kenneth C. Grant and Benjamin Reynolds. The two branches then met in grand committee, and, after appointing a committee to count the votes cast at the April election, took a recess until 2 o'clock.

After the recess, the result of the count was proclaimed from the State House balcony in accordance with time-honored custom, and the officers declared elected took the oaths of their respective offices. Ex-Governor Lippitt surrendered the chair to His Excellency, Governor Dyer, with a brief but eloquent speech, which was most fittingly replied to. An adjournment was then taken to Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock, and the state officers and members of the General Assembly took their respective places in the line formed for the grand street parade fully described in another column of this paper.

Wednesday morning the two branches came together according to adjournment and after the adoption of last year's rules and the appointment of the standing committees, they again met in grand committee for the filling of the various state and county offices. Col. A. C. Landers was unanimously re-elected State Auditor, James Anthony, high sheriff of Newport County, and Chas. E. Harvey, clerk of the Appellate and Common Pleas divisions of the supreme court for Newport County. The two bodies then separated and proceeded with the concurrent business of the session. Of the many acts passed only a few, comparatively, were of special interest to Newport. The act entitling the non-commissioned officers and privates of the Newport Artillery Company to service medals, which passed the House at the last session, was re-introduced in the Senate by Mr. Burdick and passed in concurrence. Acts authorizing John W. Bacheller and wife of this city to adopt Sophia Matilda Anborn, of full age, and allowing David Coggeshall of Middletown to release the dower rights of his wife in certain real estate was passed. An act was passed incorporating the town of Johnston into a city, and $35,000 was appropriated for the completion of the State Normal school.

Late Thursday afternoon the session was adjourned.

In the list of committees of the General Assembly appointed by the Governor and Speaker, Newport County members hold the following positions: Senator Burdick of Newport, Chairman Committee on Militia, on Special Legislation, on Accounts and Claims and on Executive Communications; Senator Wood, Middletown, on State Property and Elections; Senator Tallman, Portsmouth, Chairman Committee on Agriculture, on Fisheries; Senator Champlin, Block Island, on Corporations, and Executive Communications; Senator Weeden, Jamestown, Chairman Committee on Real Estate, Fisheries and Elections; Senator Hicks of Tiverton, on Special Legislation, Fisheries; Senator Lemunyon, Little Compton, on Militia and Fisheries.

In the House, Judiciary, E. W. Higbee, Newport; Special Legislation, George R. Lawton, Tiverton; Finance, Godfrey Moffitt, Newport; Corporations, John W. Rogers, Newport; Education, William P. Buffum, Newport; James R. Chace, Middletown; Rules and Orders, William P. Buffum, Newport; Militia, John H. Wetherell, Newport; Fisheries, George R. Lawton, Tiverton; James R. Chace, Middletown; Clarence C. Rose, Block Island; Elections, John H. Wetherell, Clarence C. Rose; Executive Communications, John H. Wetherell; Printing, E. W. Higbee; Public Health, William P. Buffum; Real Estate, Daniel Wilbur, Little Compton, Clarence C. Rose, Thomas G. Carr.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Allen of Pawtucket have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Henry H. Gifford this week.

Miss Lizzie Johnson has returned from a visit to friends in California.

Mr. Wm. H. Davis of New Bedford has been in town this week.

CAPT. JOHN TOPHAM'S JOURNAL

Of the Expedition to Quebec Through the Wilderness of Maine in 1775.

(Continued.)

Oct. 28. Proceeded over another carrying place, through a pond and over another carrying place into a pond and across another carrying place into a pond and there came to height of land, at other carrying place which is four miles and a quarter to the rivulet that leads into the . . . great Ammegunticlk Lake or the Chaudiere pond. This lake is 12 miles in length, and 6 in breadth. Here was given out all the provision and then proceeded close to the rivulet in a large meadow in which there was very fine grass. Left all our boats but one. At 4 o'clock an express arrived from Col. Arnold, who brought accounts of the French being glad of our coming and that they would supply us with necessaries. Glad tidings to people that are brought to 1 pint of flour and ru meat. Today we received the last pork left in the detachment, about 2 oz. per man. Col. Arnold ordered that those who had more than 5 days' provision should leave it for the rear, but we had no more than 5 days' and brought up the rear. An express for His Excellency the General, commander-in-chief of the North American army, passed us and a pilot was sent us to lead us the right way through the woods. Went 1 mile back to the carrying place, then turned into the woods and encamped.

29. Proceeded in the front on our way to Sartigan. The traveling was very bad, but we have encouragement of its being better farther ahead. Lost one man, viz., Samuel Nichols, who must inevitably perish with hunger. We traveled through very bad traveling all day and found that the pilot sent us knew nothing of the way but led us by guesswork and encamped after going about 5 miles.

30. Proceeded through a swamp 6 miles and more in frozen water all the way. Got into an alder swamp, steering all the way east and southerly. Came to a river where we were obliged to strip and wade through the river, it being waist high and very cold, but not over 3 rods wide, from whence we proceeded to a hill where we shaped our course N ¼ W. and came to another hill, river and went across on a log. Here is no march of inhabitants, but a swampy thicket of woods made only for an asylum for wild beasts. At 4 o'clock, after going about 18 miles through very bad traveling, came into a fine grove of young birch and beech, going two miles and a half found to our great satisfaction a path of some human being which greatly rejoiced the men, who are almost brought to despair and look back from their hard march and fare. Encamped about 6 miles from the river at the end of the grove in a delightful spot.

31. Proceeded 6 miles [and saw] wrecks of some boats here. Was [of] of the rifle battalion. Drowned here was a Lieut. of the 2d Battalion . . . viz., McClannin. Marched 6 miles farther and encamped.

Nov. 1. Proceeded again. Our people grow very much fatigued and begin to fall in the rear, being much reduced with hunger and cold. I saw with astonishment a dog killed and even his haunch, intestines and skin eaten. Went about 12 miles and encamped.

2. Proceeded through much fatigue about 16 miles. It is an astonishing thing to see almost every man without any sustenance but cold water, which is much more weakening than strengthening. I have now been 48 hours without victuals.

3. Proceeded and met a party with beef and oatmeal which was never sifted. This I thought was as good bread as I ever ate. Proceeded by three pair of falls. Went 6 miles and came to the first house, and stayed here this night.

4. This day nothing happened worth notice.

5. Proceeded 5 miles to another house, where provision was made for the army. The inhabitants begin to be considerable. I think their houses are thatched with straw for the most part. The people are very civil, but they ask a prodigious price for what they have to sell.

6. This day proceeded 15 miles to a church.

7. This day the minister spared everything that he could. This place is well settled and very good land along the river, but farther back it is mountainous and poor.

8. This day we proceeded on our way and Major Meigs came up and proceeded on with 20 birch canoes to carry through the woods in order to transport us over the river St. Lawrence. This place is called St. Mary's parish. Has a small chapel with a bell in it.

9. Proceeded 6 miles through settlements, then entered the woods which are 9 miles across and went 15 miles and stopped at St. Mary's parish at a house near the chapel of the same name. There dined and then set out again for Point Levi where we arrived at 4 o'clock. Here we found Col. Arnold and our volunteers all well and in good spirits. The hunter sloop of war and her boat on shore to fetch off some here. Our people spied them and fired upon them. They put off in confusion and left Mr. McKindesy, a midshipman who belonged to their ship, who was taken by our men and brought to headquarters. He tried to make his escape by swimming. He was fired at several times and had his clothes cut in three or four places by the balls and was wounded in one place slightly. He is but a boy, being only 15 years of age. He is strictly adhered to the old doctrine of war, viz, never to discover their weakness.

10. Remained here, busied in getting provisions and necessaries for our men. Borrowed of some Frenchmen some wooden canoes. I received orders to parade my company and to march to headquarters. There received orders to go and guard the canoes.

11. Remaining at Point Levi Capt. Hanchet, with six smiths who were to make spears and hooks for ladders, Lieut. Savage, with a number of carpenters was detailed to go and make a number of scaling ladders.

12. This day nothing happened extraordinary.

(To be continued.)

Colonel and Mrs. Howard Smith have returned from an extended visit to Philadelphia.

WHO'S WHO?

By HUGO ST. FINISTERRE, M. D.

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CHAPTER IV.

THE CONTRACT.

"I have devoted more study to the science of boxing than to anything else," explained Harold. "So much so, indeed, that, although not a strong man, I can best any of my acquaintances. From some words that I overheard I am satisfied that a plot is on foot to humiliate me. There is to be an exhibition tonight at the clubrooms for the benefit of a public charity. I have agreed to meet an unknown boxer. Of course he is a professional and is able and intends to knock me into the middle of next week."

"And I will take your place?"

"That's it. Holy geel" And the good fellow leaped to his feet, hardly able to restrain himself in anticipation of the way in which the tables would be turned on his false friends.

"But it will not do for each of us to go thither in propria persona, for you will be taken for yourself and I for you, and things will be mixed."

"That is easy enough. It is I who will change my personal appearance so that no one can possibly suspect you."

Both of us were clean shaven. Harold adjusted a mustache so skillfully that no one could suspect it. It caused a marked change in his appearance. Then he applied a wash to his curly hair, which did not turn it black, but of a dark brown, several shades deeper than its natural hue. The eyebrows were touched so as to correspond with the mustache.

"Nothing more is needed. But as to your dress?"

"I have a score of suits, and therefore am never judged by my attire. We will separate just before reaching the building and take widely separated seats. When a call is made for you to go on the stage, you will do so and be guided by circumstances."

At 8 o'clock that evening the spacious hall of the club contained fully 500 persons, most of whom were well dressed and members of swelldom.

As I walked in and took my seat one man after another extended his hand and greeted me effusively.

"Good luck to you, Westcott! I've got $100 on you tonight."

"I'm afraid you'll be a loser," I replied modestly, though well aware that the fellow was lying and hoped to see me knocked senseless.

"No fear of that if you handle the mitts as you did last week, when you gave me and Robbins our quietus."

"That was more luck than skill. But I'll do my best."

Similar remarks were repeated. It was clear to me that Harold was right. A plot was on foot to overwhelm him with mortification by visiting an ignominious defeat upon him.

In fact, I caught some words not intended for me. They revealed that the pugilist who had been imported was the notorious Sid Buxton, generally known as the Western Cyclone, a burly giant, who had knocked out every aspiring boxer that had presumed to stand before him.

The exhibition was similar in most respects to those with which every New Yorker is familiar. There were club swinging, fencing, dancing, some good singing, several pleasant exchanges of taps between amateur boxers, and finally the event of the evening was announced as a sparring bout between a gentleman, Mr. Richard Mortimer of Chicago, and the well known clubman, Harold O. Westcott.

The audience broke into uproarious applause. There were stamping, clapping of hands and loud calls of "Westcott! Westcott!"

As yet Mr. Mortimer had not shown himself. He was in the dressing room behind the stage. I slowly rose to my feet and with my topcoat over my arm walked forward. As I ascended the steps at the end the applause became deafening.

"What hypocrisy!" I mused. "Of the 500 men in this room four-fifths would give a goodly part of what they are worth to see me stretched almost life less before this brute that has been brought here for the express purpose of half killing me."

The man who had expressed fervent wishes for my success and who declared that he had $100 upon me was obsequious in his attentions. He accompanied me to the dressing room, helped me to shed my outer clothing and to adjust the gloves to my hands, repeating his best wishes and his confidence in my prowess.

"Who is this Mortimer?" I asked, after the strings were tied at my wrists.

"Some Chicago dude, I believe. He has been practicing out there until he fancies, like every one from the Windy City, that he knows it all. He has come east to give the New Yorkers a few lessons, but I reckon he'll know more tomorrow than he does now."

"Possibly, though it seems to me that we ought to have been introduced before meeting on the stage. However, let that go. Where is he?"

"In the next room. Would you like to see him?"

"Yes. Lead me to him."

Passing through the door separating the apartments, I was introduced to Mr. Mortimer of Chicago. He was a prodigious brute, a mass of rigid muscles, giantlike legs, enormous arms, bullet head, with a flat nose, beadlike eyes, close cropped hair and a countenance that reminded me of a gorilla. He nodded with a grin that showed his yellow teeth, but did not speak. Perhaps he was afraid of revealing his personality by his language.

Five minutes later we were introduced to the audience from the stage. The applause was tremendous. One in my position sees much more than is suspected. I could easily read the expectant looks and knew that nearly every man there was gloating in advance over my humiliation.

I looked at Harold. He caught my eye and nodded. He was the happiest person in the house, for he knew what was coming. Possibly I was equally happy, for I felt that it was to be my pleasure of baffling a mean plot.

Mr. Mortimer evidently looked upon his task as such a "dead easy" one that he felt able to toy with me as a cat does with a mouse. He must keep up the semblance of fairness and not be too rough from the start.

We had sparred a few minutes, when he landed lightly on my chest. It sent me backward a couple of paces, for I was not expecting it.

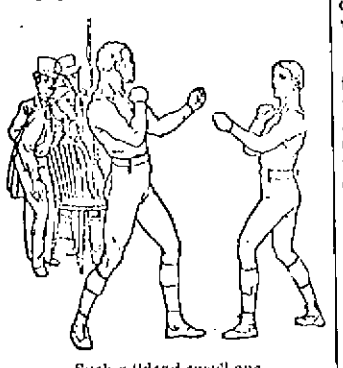
It was apparent to me that the fellow was a skillful sparrer, and it was important to be on my guard, for, although my strength was prodigious, I was as vulnerable as ordinary mortals to attack.

If I suffered him to land one of his terrific blows, I should be laid out. My only safety, therefore, was in anticipating him.

Sparrers, like fencers, look straight into each other's eyes. It is a fatal mistake to do otherwise. We continued seesawing round each other, I landing a blow now and then, which was not hard enough to trouble him, while I stopped one or two ugly thrusts. Suddenly there was a peculiar whistle and call from several quarters of the house. The people were becoming impatient. They did not wish to wait any longer for my overthrow.

I saw a look of hideous devilishness come into the gorillalike face before me. The brute was gathering himself for the knockout blow, and while doing so an extraordinary thing took place.

The Western Cyclone was seen to rise abruptly from the stage and then speed



Such a "dead easy" one.

outward and through the air, like an enormous bullfrog. He shot half way across the room, sprawling in the aisle directly behind where the astounded Harold Westcott was sitting. The blow which did this was planted squarely in the middle of the hairy chest. Had it struck his skull it would have been smashed like an eggshell. Had he been an ordinary person, his trunk would have been ground to pulp. As it was, he lay as if dead, and nearly every one believed him fatally injured.

At the end of ten minutes of indescribable confusion the physician announced that the stricken pugilist was reviving and would rally from the blow. Then something like order settled upon the house, and the master of ceremonies announced that the bout had been won by Mr. Westcott.

"And I would add," I said, advancing to the front of the platform, "now that the Western Cyclone has been disposed of, that I will be pleased to meet any one who would like to take his place."

The only answer to this challenge was a renewal of applause, amid which I withdrew to the dressing room, soon resuming my seat. But the exhibition was over, and, escaping the tiresome congratulations, I sauntered homeward, Harold joining me in front of his apartments and accompanying me to his rooms as the guest of myself, or perhaps of himself.

He wrung my hand and capered with joy.

"Yo gods! It was the most glorious sight on which I ever looked. What a wonder that you did not kill him!"

"So I would had I not restrained the blow just as I was launching it."

"Restrained the blow! It was as resistless as the stroke of a piston rod. At any rate, it settled the hash of Mr. Richard Mortimer, the Western Cyclone."

"But," said I seriously, "what is to be the end of all this? I cannot masquerade as Harold O. Westcott while you sink your individuality."

"Why not?"

"Why," I said wonderingly, "it must end some time."

"True, but not yet awhile. See here, Harmon!" exclaimed my friend, dropping into a chair, drawing it up in front of me and leaning over. "I've a proposition to make."

"I am listening."

"I wish you to become myself, while I become somebody else."

"I don't quite catch on."

"With your consent, I shall disappear for one year. No one but us shall know the fact. I will go to Europe. I will be utterly lost to the world for that time."

"And at the end of that period?"

"If alive, I return and resume my identity. Meanwhile you are to be Harold O. Westcott. Our initials are the same, so there need be little trouble."

"What is the object of this prank?"

"I wish you to take my place for one year, in order to scrape off the barnacles that have gradually attached themselves to me. I can't do it. Your task is to free me wholly of those parasites, so that when I come back it will be like beginning life over again, with everything smooth sailing."

It was an extraordinary proposal, and I bent my head in thought. In shouldering the name and character of Harold Westcott what responsibilities would I assume? Suppose he had committed some serious crime and was arranging that I should incur the penalty?

But I dismissed the last thought as an unworthy one.

"You have nothing to fear. There are some matters that you are at liberty to treat them as you choose. I only ask that everything shall be smoothed out to the best of your ability against my return. I will pay you $50,000 for the favor."

"Fifty thousand dollars!"

Instead of explaining, he said:

"Take the pen there and let me see your handwriting."

I signed my name underneath several words. He scrutinized it carefully and then did the same alongside it.

There was scarcely a hair's difference in the penmanship.

Neither of us was surprised. We expected it.

"That's good. You will sign your checks 'H. O. Westcott,' which is my custom, so there will be no forgery on your part. I shall draw out all the money I can possibly need for two or three years to come and leave something like $100,000 in the bank subject to your order. You may need more than the amount I have named and must feel free to draw upon it. But if all goes well you are to receive $50,000 for personating me for one year from date."

"I foresee a good many embarrassments and complications"—

"Were it otherwise I should not make you the offer. Do you accept?"

"Yes, even though it is taking a leap in the dark."

"Give me your hand on it."

We shook hands.

CHAPTER V.

MY FIRST DAY.

All this occurred on a Wednesday night in May. Harold engaged passage on one of the outgoing steamers for Saturday, to remain away a year, during which time I was to be to all intents and purposes Harold, instead of Harmon, O. Westcott.

Much of the intervening time was spent by him in preparing me, so far as he could, to face and dispose of the matters likely to come before me. Of necessity there would be many little things which he forgot. In these cases I must depend upon my own wit and ingenuity.

"There will be any number of persons after money. They will insist that I promised them. I may have given some of them encouragement, but every distinct promise has been kept. You will know how to dispose of them."

"I think so."

"If they become obstreperous, throw them out, for some of them were not present at the debut of yourself and Mr. Mortimer and may not be aware of your capacity as a bouncer. My appearance is not calculated to strike terror to the ordinary heart, and you look just like me."

I smiled, clearly foreseeing the nature of some of the coming interviews.

A few days later I was alone in the handsome bachelor apartments long occupied by my friend, who had been so careful of his disguise in going aboard the steamer that he was sure no one suspected or dreamed of the truth. He took another name, as a matter of course, though the change was not great, being H. O. Walcott. He promised to write me monthly and to hold himself ready to give me whatever counsel I might need.

Since I was fully satisfied of the insincerity of many of the clubmen, I took no pains to keep upon friendly terms with them. When they called to congratulate me over the astounding manner in which I knocked out the famous pugilist, I gave them to understand that I knew the trick they tried upon me and that no gentleman would have been guilty of anything of that nature.

This caused a coldness between me and a number of the leading members, especially when I expressed a wish to try the same feat upon any and all of them. I was as selfish as they and held my head as high in air.

"Who the deuce is this fellow?" I asked, holding the card in my hand, on which was engraved the name "Sam Johnson."

I ordered the servant to show him in, and he quickly appeared, with a loud clearing of his throat and an overwhelming manner. He was large, flashily dressed, with dyed hair, side whiskers and mustache, an immense watch chain, slightly bald, and with the unmistakable marks of dissipation and fast living on his pimply countenance.

He strode hastily across the apartment and extended his fat hand with great effusion. I allowed him to take mine, but did not return the pressure.

"I hope you're well. By the horned spoon, I never saw you look better!" he exclaimed, as if the discovery caused his whole being to bubble with delight.

"I am well, but no better than usual. Why did you call to see me?"

He flushed under this chilling greeting, but quickly rallied.

"I've good news for you—the best of news."

"What is it?"

"We've floated the Queen. She is safe."

"I didn't know that she had been in any danger."

"Haw, haw, haw! As jolly as ever, eh, Harold, my boy? This mine is in the richest part of Colorado; 50 people were after it; had to play my points mighty fine, but I played 'em and won—euchred 'em all."

"Well, what of it?"

"That gives you the chance of your life. You'll come in on the ground floor. You'll triple your money inside of six weeks, for things are booming."

"How much did you expect me to put into this hole in the ground?"

"Why, what you said—$20,000."

"I have made up my mind not to put 20 cents into it."

"But, good heavens, you promised!" he exclaimed, aghast and angry.

"I made no promise. I told you I would think it over. I have done so, and you have heard my conclusion."

I was self flattered by noting that this random shaft hit the mark exactly.

"I s'pose that's true, but them words was as good as a promise."

"I don't regard them as such. It is useless to waste time. I look upon the whole thing as a swindle, and you don't get a penny from me."

"By ——, but I will have it!" roared my caller, his face purple, as he rose from his chair. "You can't treat me that way and intimate as much as I'm a swindler."

"I don't intimate it; I say it. You are a scamp, and if you had your deserts would be behind prison bars. If you do not leave at once, I'll throw you out."

This was enough, and the infuriated rogue made for me.

But he did not reach me. I had no right or wish to harm him. So I merely jammed him down so hard on the floor that it must have loosened several of his teeth. Then I opened the door and flung him through.

"Go in peace."

He went.

"I don't think Sam Johnson will ever give Harold much trouble after this, for even if I was gentle with him he discovered that I was his master— Hello! Come in!"

The knock was so timid that I hardly heard it. The door was gently pushed inward, and a woman stood before me. She was plainly dressed, but neat and clean looking, with pinched face that told of much suffering. A wan smile lit up her countenance as she saluted me, and she stood trembling and apprehensive.

My heart went out to her at once. Possibly I was wrong, but I believed that whatever she represented herself to be that she was.

"Sit down," I said kindly, pointing to a chair. "Did you walk up stairs?"

"Yes, sir. There is a new boy running the elevator today."

"What of it? Didn't I tell you always to take the elevator? What is it made for if not for ladies? If the boy makes any objection, let me know, and I will have him discharged."

"Ye have always been kind to us, Mr. Westcott. What would Mike and me do if it were not for yer goodness?"

"Pshaw, there are plenty better than I, only you haven't found them!"

"Nor any one else," she said, with a flash of her Irish wit.

This was one of the cases of which I had been informed by Harold. Mrs. Murphy was a poor, industrious woman who had buried two children and had a husband in the last stages of consumption. Harold had investigated her story and found her a worthy woman.

"Why have you been so long in calling, Mrs. Murphy?"

"Well, sir, the money which ye were kind enough to give me while I came a fortnight since has kept poor Mike as comfortable as could be, and, with the washing that I had, there was no need of trispassing on yer goodness, for which hiven will reward ye."

"Nonsense! You mustn't wait until you're penniless, and why should you wear yourself out with work when Mike needs your attention? Let me see—it was $20 I handed you two weeks ago."

"Excuse me, it was twinty-five."

"Very well. Here's $50"—

"God bliss ye!" she faltered, the tears filling her eyes.

"None of that. You know I don't like it. If you run short, come whenever you need more, and, Mrs. Murphy," I added severely, "if you don't wish to offend me, always take the elevator."

I rose and accompanied her to the elevator, ringing sharply. When the boy came up, I said:

"Tom, when this lady comes to call on me, bring her up in the elevator. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir, but I'm afeard"—

"Shut up, or I'll cuff your ears! Step in, Mrs. Murphy. Goodby!"

I laid my hand in a fatherly way on her shoulder to help her. Before I could remove it she impulsively caught and kissed it. At the same moment a hot tear dropped on the back of my hand. And when I sank in a chair in my room—I'm not ashamed to own it—there were tears in my own eyes.

"That pays me for all else, no matter what comes. If a man with wealth know how to get the best good out of it there would be no such thing as ennui in this world."

I had no intention of staying in my rooms. It was a radiant day, with just enough coolness in the golden sunshine to make it an ideal one for an outing. I went to the stable where Harold kept his horse and had him saddled for a ride in the park.

It may have been fancy on my part, but there was something in the manner of Jack that made me half suspect he was not fully satisfied with me. It could not be, however, that his senses were so much sharper than those of mankind, and I dismissed the thought as I vaulted into the saddle and cantered off.

The pony had been standing so long in the stable that he was fractious and caused me some concern, but after a brisk ride along the roadway he calmed down and became as tractable as a child's animal.

I continually encountered persons who saluted me and whom, of course, I saluted in return.

"Harold certainly has a large number of lady acquaintances," I thought as I raised my hat for the twentieth time. "He gave me little information about



"Why have you been so long in calling, Mrs. Murphy?"

them, and I'm afraid I shall encounter some breakers before I'm through. If matters get too hot I'll take a run out of the city for a time— Hello!"

A scorcher shot by me on his wheel as if challenging a race with one of the policemen who was certain soon to discover him. My horse shied a little, but not dangerously so. Just ahead of me was a carriage, with the driver erect and holding the reins over two spirited animals.

The sudden burst of the cyclist so startled them that they plunged off at headlong speed. The driver tugged at the lines, but for the time they were beyond control. A scream from within the vehicle showed the terror of the occupants, and the next thing I saw was a woman that had opened the door and was trying to leap out, while some one else, evidently a female, resolutely prevented her.

I spurred Jack forward and drew up beside the vehicle.

"Don't jump, madam!" I called. "You will be killed. Keep your seat, and we'll check the team in a few minutes."

"Mother, don't you hear him?" called the one who was holding back the other. "Keep your seat. It is Harold. He will save us!"

I had to spur Jack to his best before I could place myself within reach of the heads of the terrified team, but I did it at last, and, while thus occupied, saw a mounted policeman bearing down upon us. With his help I was sure all would end well, provided the mother could be restrained.

Reaching forward, I seized the bridle rein of the near horse. In the excitement of the moment I forgot my strength and drew back so furiously that the strap snapped, and the team continued their wild flight without the slightest check.

I now determined to ride in front and round to the opposite side, so as to grasp the other rein, remembering not to break it.

But the devil got into Jack just then, and he refused to obey me. He shied to the right and came within a hair of unseating me. I was so enraged that I twisted his head back and dug the spurs into his flanks. He whinnied with pain and became frantic.

"Confound you!" I muttered. "I have a great mind to kill you! If it were not for those in the carriage, I would do it!"

At that moment the form of a man flew through the air, striking the roadway as if hurled from a catapult.

It was the coachman, flung with frightful force from his seat, while the team dashed madly on, with the strength of the daughter who was clutching her mother's dress evidently failing, for the figure of the elder was partly through the open door and gathering herself for the fatal leap.

CHAPTER VI.

A LETTER.

Again my horse Jack showed his devilish temper. Urge him as I might, he would not place me beside the heads of the running horses. When at their haunches, he began falling back.

But I saw that one of the gallant policemen, who have done yeoman service so many times in similar cases of peril, was on the other side of the frenzied animals, had seized the bit of the horse nearest him and was fighting like a tiger with the furious beast.

But my interest centered in the middle aged woman, who was not only struggling to leap from the side door of the carriage but in the act of doing so.

"Save her, oh, Harold, save her, or she will be killed!" called the daughter in agony, still clinging with desperate but waning strength to the loved form.

I was directly beside the woman and, extending my left hand, gave her a shove so violent that she fell backward into the lap of the daughter, who flung her arms about her mother and held her motionless.

But in the act of leaning over to make my push effective the infernal Jack made a quick shy to the right. That brute knew that it was not his master who was in the saddle and resented it. As he swerved the girth snapped, and out I went upon the gravel with a force that it would seem ought to have driven the breath of life from my body.

And it came mighty near doing so. There was a shock as if I had been struck by an express train, and all became darkness and oblivion.

It was some two hours later that my senses came back to me. I was lying on a cot in the hospital, with my head bandaged and a fierce pain flitting back and forth down my left side. The physician who had examined my hurts was gone, but one of the sweet faced nurses was seated in a chair, looking kindly into my face. Meeting my inquiring stare, she said in her low, soft voice:

"You had a severe fall."

"Yes. It is a wonder I was not killed. Do you know whether I have any bones broken?"

"The doctor said not. You are suffering from severe bruises and the shock."

I moved my limbs. The sharp twinge made me wince.

"I would not do that," gently remonstrated my attendant. "It only adds to your suffering and can do no good."

"Tell me how the people in the carriage fared. They were in great danger at the time I was flung from my horse."

"The policeman managed to stop the carriage before anything serious occurred. The coachman had both legs broken and is in a dangerous condition, but neither the daughter nor her mother suffered injury."

"Thank God for that!" was my fervent exclamation as I settled back on my pillow.

My attendant gave me a soothing lotion, and I soon sank into a refreshing slumber, which lasted until the following morning.

By that time I was astonished at my own condition. The physician made another examination and pronounced me free from serious injury.

"I was afraid of a fracture of your left leg, but I find it all right. You have been pretty well bruised and will be stiff and sore for several days, but there is nothing beyond that. By the way, are you the possessor of a remarkable degree of strength?"

I flushed, but answered:

"Yes; I am said to be unusually strong. Why do you ask?"

"Your muscles are not abnormally large, but there is something very peculiar about them. They are literally as hard as iron. I never saw anything like it."

"I have devoted no more of my life to exercise than do many young men, but nature gave me great muscular power from the first."

"I heard, Mr. Westcott, that at your club last week you nearly killed a professional pugilist, knocking him off the stage and half way across the room."

"Yes, that was cleverly done, though it is I who say it, but there's a good deal of humbug about these professional pugilists. They acquire a certain degree of skill, and their reputation is their capital. They indulge in excesses and dissipation and go back as fast as they went forward. This fellow thought he had an easy thing in me and was careless. He gave an opening, and I took advantage of it. That's all there was to it."

"Nevertheless it was a marvelous performance. I should hate to run against your fist, Mr. Westcott."

"There is no danger of that," I remarked, with a laugh, turning in bed with so little inconvenience that I immediately sat upright. "But did you at-

(Continued on page three.)

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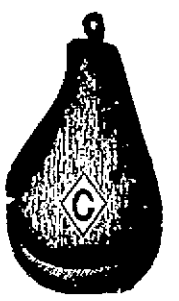
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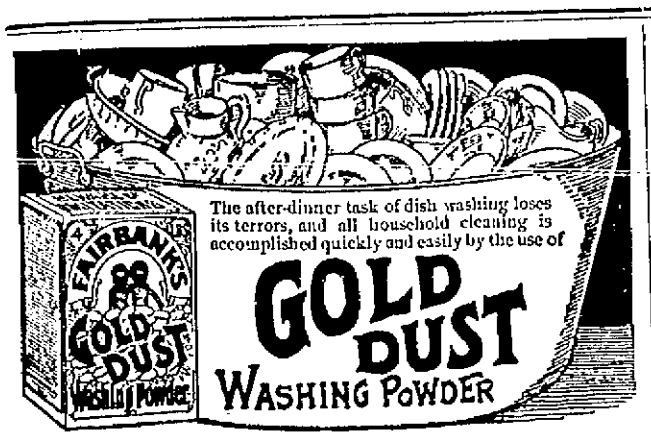
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Leave Jamestown, *5.30, 6.20, 8.50, 9.45, 11.15 A. M., 12.35, 3.15, 5.45, 6.00, 6.00, †8.30 P. M. Sundays, 8.30, 8.00, 10.00 A. M.; 12.30, 6. 00, 8.30 P. M.

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SUNDAYS, for Boston, Park Square, 11.00 A. M., 7.00 P. M. Return, 4.30 A. M., 12.25, 8.00 P. M. For Providence, 11.00 A. M., 7.00 P. M. Return, 1.30, 8.30 P. M. For Middletown, Portsmouth Grove, Portsmouth, Bristol Ferry, Tiverton, Fall River, Somerset, Dighton, North Dighton, Weir Village, and Taunton, 11.00 A. M., 7.00 P. M. New Bedford, 11.00 A. M.

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CARPETS,
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ART SQUARES,
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Points in Road Building.

How to do a thing may not always be easy to learn. How not to do some things may most easily be learned by any one who has ordinary gifts of observation. The making of public roads, for example. The arts of Telford and Macadam may remain sealed volumes to the multitude. But on almost every mile of country and suburban road are written in characters all men may read the most impressive instructions how not to make a thoroughfare. If one should go about and see all that is done, and then go away and carefully avoid repeating it, and do anything else his ingenuity may devise, his efforts would inevitably be in the direction of improvement.

Here, for example, is an important suburban village, enjoying every advantage of soil and climate and general situation, and suffering from probably the worst roads in the county. Its roads are too narrow, scarcely more than mere lanes. Yet they are encroached upon by every manner of device until in many places they are no wider than a single wagon track. They are composed, of course, of nothing better than native earth, but also of much that is worse. For they are made the catch-all of every sort of rubbish. On the main street of the village, in front of handsome residences, you may find the roadway covered with the refuse rakings of gardens, the prunings of orchards and vineyards, castoff boots and shoes, broken bottles and empty tin cans, and decaying offal that fills the air with stenches unspeakable. In some places, for very shame, a sprinkling of fresh earth has been scattered over these abominations. But every rain converts it into mud, through which the offal and the rubbish are mixed and mingled, like plums in a batter pudding. Such is the roadway which hundreds must traverse daily.

And the villagers speak now and then with bated breath of the dirty streets and evil smells and bad air of the city, when, by their own deliberate making, their own chief thoroughfare is as foul as an unflushed sewer! A road of simple earth, unworked and uncared for, is bad enough. But when it is, by the malapropos ingenuity of slovenly and selfish men, made also a rubbish heap and repository for filth, it affords an object lesson of what should not be which the world can scarcely elsewhere equal.—[New York Tribune.

What Girls are Doing.

There is war in the camp at one of the country clubs not a hundred miles from New York, and a very bitter fight it is going to be. The girls have interfered, as the men say, in some of their manly sports, and the consequence is their relations at that particular club house are somewhat strained. This is the story:

Once upon a time some young men, anxious to learn to be good shots, started pigeon-shooting matches in the club house grounds.

Now if any girl has ever seen pigeon-shooting as it is done at the Westchester, Tuxedo, and other country clubs, she will understand why these particular girls of whom we will tell objected to it. The letting loose of the pigeons from a trap in the ground, and the shooting of them while they are on the wing at a close range, is a sport the girls cannot tolerate. The birds were often not wounded than killed, and at this country club it was not an unusual occurrence to find a poor little maimed pigeon with broken leg or wing fluttering about helplessly on the lawn in front of the club-house. So, after making various remarks and hinting strongly at their disapproval, the girls who are members could stand it no longer. One day they got up a petition, signed by about thirty or forty of them, and nailed it up in the club-house.

The effect was very unexpected. The men were indignant at what they called "useless interference," held a council of war, and decided to get up a counter-petition. It read thus: "It is hereby ordered that any young woman member of this —— Country Club be deprived of her rights as member, and also be denied admission to the club-house and grounds, so long as she shall wear in her hat any wing of a bird, breast of a bird, or bird entire," etc., etc. Then followed the signatures of all the male members of the club. So war has been declared, and at the present writing the girls have not untrimmed their hats to please the men, nor have the men given up shooting tame pigeons for sport.

The ground they take is that if pigeon-shooting is allowed at all the other clubs, why should they not indulge in the same sport? There is something to be urged on both sides, and we shall be interested to know the result of the feud. Girls who adorn themselves in a barbaric manner with slaughtered birds are inconsistent in their opposition to a savage sport like pigeon-shooting.—[Harper's Bazar.

Sherlock Again.

"Ah," said Sherlock Holmes, sitting down on the corner of the editor's desk, "I see you have just received a story from a young woman in a lawyer's office."

"How can you tell?" asked the editor. "Can you recognize the typewriting?"

"No. Don't you see the string is tied in a regulation true love knot? That is the young woman end of it. And instead of ribbon she has used red tape."—[Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Slight Misunderstanding.

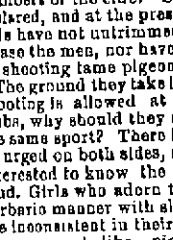
Westener—That bank in town has busted and the people are lookin' for the president.

Tourist—What are the liabilities?

Westener—Well, the liabilities are that they won't ketch him; but if they do, they're liable to string him up!

Misunderstanding and neglect cause more mischief in this world than even malice and wickedness.

STANDARD CREAM INDICATING JARS



Prove the quality of milk they contain. Ask your dealer to use them that you may know the kind of milk you are buying. Guaranteed to hold a full quart.

MILK DEALERS should write for prices and method to increase their business.

A. T. Whiteman, 144 Chambers St., N.Y. City.

Quinine Whisker

Prevents and Cures a Cold.

Greatest tonic known. Sold in all the principal saloons in Newport.

T. J. LYON, Agent.

A Mother's Gratitude.

Some time ago, as Mr. Niedlinger was approaching the place at which he was spending the summer with his family, he heard cries of distress. At the corner of a barn he found a colt wedged between the siding and a post which supported the ends of the wires of a barbed wire fence.

The barbs of the wires of the fence were hurting the colt cruelly. But the cries which Mr. Niedlinger heard were not from the colt. They came from the colt's mother, a beautiful brood mare, who stood by with extended neck and wides eyes and quivering body, expressing her pain, her solicitude, and crying out for the help which she could not give herself.

Mr. N. hurriedly removed the staples which secured the wires to the post, the wires dropped and the colt went free. The mother, with every demonstration of joy at the release of her offspring, rushed up to it, licked it, put her chin over it, and fondled it with low sounds. Pleased that he had given the mother so much pleasure as well as that he had saved the colt, Mr. N. started along the path to the house, but he had not gone far when he was aware of hoof-falls behind him. He looked over his shoulder. There was the mother. He reached out his hand. She licked it with low whinnies of thankfulness. She followed him clear to the house, and still stood on the lawn thanking him for what he had done in the interest of one whose mother she was, and whom she loved with all a mother's love.—Our Dumb Animals.

End of the Louisiana Lottery.

The Louisiana lottery, which has been in existence in Honduras since the summer of 1892, is about to go out of business. The scheme of conducting a lottery in that country has been far from remunerative. In fact, if the reports of one of its officers are to be believed, the losses have been so great as to warrant the instant dissolution of the corporation. It seems that the Honduras Government has been exorbitant in its taxes, while at the same time its citizens have insisted that more prizes be distributed than characterized the affairs of the institution when it had its home in New Orleans.

Thus, between fighting the Government in various ways, as it had to do, and at the end of each year find itself loser, there is no wonder that its proprietors conceived the brilliant scheme of quitting the field. It is said there are agents of the concern now in the State of Nevada canvassing the sentiments of that Commonwealth, with the end in view of submitting the question of establishing a lottery there under the auspices of the Government to the people at the next general election. Dan Stuart, it is whispered about, is the agent of the lottery, and as the story further goes, has written to the projectors, who are now at New Orleans, that he thinks there will be no difficulty in accomplishing the desired purpose—that is, a constitutional provision permitting a lottery, to have a twenty-five years' lease of life, at some point in the jack rabbit section.

Useful Indian Lore.

"People out West," observed a Kansas Congressman, "have learned a number of things from the Indians, and many of them are of value. Probably the most valuable has been in the matter of cyclones. We have learned that whenever a city or town was built on the site of an old Indian settlement, it has been free from any of the cyclones which have now and then come along in the Western country. How the Indians were observant and smart enough to select sites for settlement which have always escaped cyclone is more than we have been able to learn by study or investigation, but the fact remains that the towns or cities on original Indian settlements are cyclone proof.

"These towns which are located thus fortunately use their Indian origin as an advertisement and as a guarantee for settlement. Thus lots in an original Indian settlement town are sold for a higher price and are in greater demand than in towns laid out by white men. It is rather rough on our intelligence, but it is dollars to pennies that it is right. The cyclone insurance companies will issue a policy on houses in an Indian settlement town for one-third the prices they charge for similar policies in other sections. They have found that it pays them better to issue the low-rate policies than other policies at the higher rate."—Washington Star.

Where Reform Begins.

A Ruthless Suggestion.

"I wonder," said the young man who is able but exceedingly loquacious, "why it is that a genius is not appreciated until after he is dead."

"Perhaps," was the cold-blooded answer, "it's because in so many cases he insists on boring his friends up to the time of that occurrence."—Washington Star.

A Gloomy Day.

Blinks—Why do all the lawyers about the court room look so gloomy to day?

Jinks—Why, haven't you heard? Mr. Richman is dead.

"He must have been very popular among them?"

"No; but he died without leaving a will."—New York Weekly.

He (ecstatically)—Miss De Peyster promised last night to marry me.

She (calmly)—I congratulate you.

He—You don't seem to be surprised.

She—No, I can't say that I am. I heard her say yesterday that she had made up her mind to have a husband before the year was out, and that almost any old thing would do.—[Somerville Journal.

Grigson. "Excuse me, Mitwin, but why is it that people of your name are generally such confounded bores?"

Mitwin. "I don't know. How many persons of my name did you ever know?"

Grigson. "By George! come to think of it, you are the only one I ever knew. Funny, ain't it?"

"You say that George Huxley has lost a fortune? I don't understand how that can be. I didn't suppose that he ever had more than $5 at a time in his life." "He never has, but the father of the girl that he expected to marry failed yesterday."—[Cleveland Leader.

Fourth Floor Neighbor (apologetically—"Does my baby annoy you when it cries?" Fifth Floor Neighbor—"No, indeed! I like it." Fourth Floor Neighbor (pleased)—"Oh! I'm so glad!" Fifth Floor Neighbor—"Yes; it drowns the noise your daughter makes on the piano."—[Puck.

"I must have money, Plunger," said Dunley. "Can't you let me have that fifty dollars you owe me?" "No, I can't," replied Plunger; "but I'll tell you what to do. My credit is not exhausted. You go to Cashly and borrow a hundred dollars for me and I'll pay you the amount."—Philadelphia North American.

WHO'S WHO?

(Continued from second page.

tend the ladies who were in the carriage?"

"No, I am not their physician, but I understand they were not injured, though the elder would have leaped to certain death had you not thrust her back when she was in the act of doing so. The ladies"—

The medical man paused, and I understood why. He did not know their names and halted for me to prompt him. But I was silent, for I was as ignorant as he.

"There was unexpected good fortune all round, excepting in the case of the driver, who seems to have been pretty well battered up."

"When can I go home, doctor?"

"At once if you wish, but why not remain here for a few days? You could not be in better hands."

"I will think it over."

A few minutes later he bade me good day.

I lay for some minutes in thought.

Who were the ladies in the carriage? Evidently they were old acquaintances of Harold, for the younger addressed me by his name. The circumstances were not favorable, and I did not get a good view of her face, though I saw enough to show that she had an unusually attractive personality.

"It is odd that Harold told me nothing about her, but he gave little information of his female friends. The most particulars which I received were concerning Mrs. Murphy."

It was all important that I should know something about the two whom I had attempted to rescue, with the result that the job was completed by the policeman.

"It will be easy enough," I reflected as I began adjusting my garments, which the attendant, with some gentle protestations, placed within reach.

A few minutes later I went out from the hospital. I would not use a carriage, for that would have been a confession of weakness, and for the same reason I refused to accept the cane that was offered to me. It took some resolution and compression of the lips for me to walk with my usual gait and without the appearance of suffering, but I succeeded, and it was a good thing for me, for the exercise did wonders in limbering the muscles, so that when I reached my apartments scarce a trace of my hurts remained.

It was to be expected that before Harold left the country he arranged matters so as to prevent any letters falling into my hands whose secrets he wished to keep. I know that he sent out many missives which presumably were for that purpose, for it was understood that whatever missives reached his rooms were to be opened by me, and I was to do with them as I saw fit.

When I passed into the attractive apartments, I found two letters which had come during my brief absence. The writing, of course, was unfamiliar, but a glance showed that one was from a woman and the other from a man.

"That," I mused, holding off the delicate white envelope, with its pretty superscription, "is from the young lady whom I tried to help yesterday. Something tells me that it is the opening of an era in my life. I will leave it to the last, and meanwhile find out what this fellow is driving at."

It was an ordinary envelope, the direction in an ordinary business hand, and I sat down, with my elbow leaning on the table and my side toward the light, crossed my legs (somewhat gingerly) and deliberately read the following astounding missive, which was dated two days before in the city of Chicago:

DEAR JED—All promises well, but matters are still in a delicate situation. Some of the farmers have settled in Kansas and will reap good crops if the grasshoppers don't bother them. The same is true of the Dakotas, of Texas and the southwest. Maybe the good work will extend to California. We're sure to win in the long run, but it's—expensive. Only the true stuff can be used at this stage of the game. Send ten thousand by return mail to my address at the Auditorium. BUDD.

I read this extraordinary missive through several times, until every word was impressed upon my memory. I turned the sheet over and looked at the other side. Not another word was written, nor was there the slightest clew to the identity of "Budd" of the Auditorium hotel, at Chicago. I held the envelope up to the light, but nothing was there to enlighten me. The direction was to Mr. H. O. Westcott, so there could be no doubt that it was intended for the owner of these rooms, who was then upon the ocean, and that it was in accordance with our understanding that the letter was opened by me and was to be disposed of by no other person.

But what in the name of the seven wonders could it mean? Except for the closing sentences, I would have been unable to make even a conjecture. The "true stuff" could signify nothing else but good money, for it was followed immediately by a demand for the remittance of a large sum.

Admitting all this, which was unquestionable, the references in the opening of the missive must be to bad money. The "farmers" were the counterfeits that were being sent into different parts of the west, and consequently the "grasshoppers" must be the detectives or officers that were sure to be hot on the trail of the "shovers of the queer."

Such was the interpretation I put upon this remarkable document which had come into my hand, and the more I thought of the matter the more certain did I feel that I was right, though never forgetful of the possibility that I might be wholly wrong from the beginning. Often after a theory is once formed all subsequent discoveries seem to fit it exactly, until the final discovery knocks everything to smithereens.

Here, as I viewed it, was a clear indication of some illegitimate scheme afoot in which Harold Westcott held a personal interest. No criminal would dare make so direct a demand upon him for money unless he had solid foundation upon which to base the demand. Harold was one of the principals.

All of which confirmed a shadowy suspicion that had never been wholly absent from me—namely, that the man had cogent reasons for wishing to "disappear" for a year other than the one he gave me. Surely a person who has an abundance of money and who leads an upright life has no cause to fear a residence in New York.

My reflections awoke a resentful feeling toward Harold Westcott. His conduct was cowardly in thus enticing another into a trap in order to avoid the penalty he himself had incurred.

Suppose worse came to worse and I fell into the hands of the law officers. I could not deny my identity. The only possible doubt of that was in the mind of the vicious brute Jack, and his testimony would hardly avail me.

Could it be that I was in error, and that the scheme was a lawful one? The best way out was to ascertain the truth.



I read this extraordinary missive through several times.

I would write to "Budd," telling him that before complying with his request I must have more particulars.

I pondered for a few minutes, and then wrote such a telegram. The only way to address it was to "Budd, Auditorium Hotel, Chicago." It was so addressed and asked him to give more particulars. With some hesitation, I appended the following: "Have met with an accident; brain hardly clear; instruct me how to address you."

The message was gone, and, reflecting but a moment upon it, I awoke to the fact that a second letter lay before me awaiting attention.

"Ah, now we shall see what the grateful young lady has to say!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LITTLE OLD SHOE.

It is only a tiny shoe
That she touches with tender care,
A cunning little bit of a thing
That a baby used to wear.
And she gently raises it to her lips
And lovingly holds it there.

It is worn and faded and old,
But it brings up the happy past.
She sadly sighs as she thinks of the joys
That were too sweet to last.

In fancy she sees a little child
As it gambols upon the floor.
An elfike creature with golden hair
Is cooing a baby song once more,
And a tear drops down on the tiny shoe
That the beautiful dream child wore.

"Ah, well," she sighs to herself,
"'Tis, alas, the will of the fates!
I used to be able to wear this shoe,
But now I take number eights."
—Pearson's Weekly.

ANIMALS AND MUSIC.

A Strange Experiment Made In a Zoological Garden.

A violinist was playing various airs before the cages of the animals. The bow, which had been passing backward and forward half drowsily, took up a gait that would have distanced one of the deer in the pen by the buffaloes' yard. Then there was a transformation scene in the home of the lioness as rapid and as complete as that of the tune. The cubs went into ecstacies. They rolled about, jumped, fell over one another, raced over their mother's recumbent body, and danced unrebuked on her head. They ceased their tantrums only with the ceasing of the music.

Then they gathered at the front bars of the cage again and silently and pathetically pleaded for more. Their plea was successful, and in response to the delicate flattery conveyed by their manner the player gave the lullaby once more. They simply sat and listened to it as silently as they had at the first. The transition to the jig music was once more made speedily. The first note of the lively air had barely left the violin before its riotous contagion had once more caught the cubs. They rollicked and rolled about and stopped only when the professor, fearing to tire their little limbs, took his bow from his fiddle and told them they had danced enough for debutantes.

The hyena is an uncanny brute. His very appearance goes a great way toward bearing out charges of graveyard robbery brought against him. He has no music in his soul nor room for any. Sweet sounds are to him so antipodal to everything in his nature that they inspire him with nothing but fear, and the most abject fear at that. When Professor Baker tried to interest the two skulking hyenas in his performance on the violin, they began trembling visibly at the first note's utterance, and then as the music swelled they sought the furthermost side of their prison and tried their best to squeeze their ungainly bodies through the bars to escape the melody.—Philadelphia Times.

Heroic Treatment of Patients.

The hospital physician should be a man of the most thorough methods and the most extreme conservatism. He should be chosen as much for his practical good sense as for his skill in diagnosing disease. He should be a man with intuitions and ought to be able to decide almost at a glance whether a patient is suffering from brain trouble or alcoholism.

There have been of late a great many instances where this mistake has been made, and it is by no means creditable to the hospital authorities when such blunders are made.

One of the latest exploits of a hospital doctor was to order a cold bath for a consumptive patient who showed some symptoms of hysteria. Shortly after the bath the woman died. Just why a doctor should order such treatment common sense as well as the medical profession would like very much to know.

Hospitals are in the main supported by the people, and the people have a right to good treatment and courtesy at the hands of those who are put in charge of such institutions. Failing to receive this, the public has also the right to demand an investigation of the situation and to demand the punishment of those who are guilty of such unprofessional and inhuman conduct and that their places be filled by those who are more intelligent and better fitted for the duties and responsibilities of such a place.—New York Ledger.

CASTORIA.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. is on every wrapper.

Banking and Insurance

INSURANCE NOTICE!

AGENCY OF A. S. SHERMAN

MERCHANTS' BANK.

THE FOLLOWING COMPANIES heretofore represented in Newport by Mr. Job T. Langley, deceased, having been transferred to me, policies and renewals in the same will be written at this office, where transfers and endorsements can be made:—

Phenix Ins. Co. of Brooklyn.
Queen Ins. Co. of London.
Lancashire Ins. Co. of Manchester.
Scottish Union & National of Edinburgh an London.
Northern Assurance Co., of London.

The above companies in addition to those already represented by me, enable me to write for any amount desired, at the lowest rates, and the high standing and character of the companies offer the strongest indemnity against fire.

Niagara Ins. Co. of N. Y.	$2,000,00
American Ins. Co. of Philadelphia	2,307,31
Fire Association of Philadelphia	4,250,56
Phenix Ins. Co. of Hartford	4,709,92
Imperial Ins. Co. of London	3,127,00
Guardian Ins. Co. of London	1,565,19
Providence Washington Ins. Co. of Providence	909,65
British American Ins. Co. of Toronto	802,44
Phenix Ins. Co. of Brooklyn	5,353,17
Queen Ins. Co. of London	1,976,00
Lancashire Ins. Co. of Manchester	5,498,18
Scottish Union & Nat'l Ins. Co of Edinburgh	5,332,86
Northern Assurance Co. of London	5,388,87
Phenix Assurance Co. of London	1,981,17

A. S. SHERMAN,
Office Merchants' Bank.

1-3

J. D. JOHNSTON.

Architect & Builder,

Plans and Estimates furnished on application Herring Jobbing, Mason, Tile and Stucco Work executed with dispatch.

Shop, 83 Mill St. P. O. Box 161. Office 70 Pelham St Residence 106 Church St

3-14

SHELF PAPER

ALL COLORS. BEST QUALITY

GEO. H. CARR'S,

172 Thames Street.

SUDDY

These tiny Capsules are superior to Balsam of Copaiba, Cubebs or Injections and CURE IN 48 HOURS the same diseases without inconvenience.

Sold by all druggists.

Reduction in price of

COKE.

DELIVERED:

Prepared, 36 bushels for $3.50
Common, 36 bushels for $3.00

AT WORKS:

Prepared, $3.00 per 100 bushels
Common, $2.60 per 100 bushels

ORDERS LEFT AT

181 THAMES ST.,

receive prompt attention.

Newport Gas Light Co.

GET YOUR

IceCream

—AT—

KOSCHNY'S,

130 & 132 THAMES STREET,

or at his

Branch Store, 16 Broadway;

Cake,
Ice Cream,
Confectionery.

STRICTLY FIRST CLASS and FRESH EVERY DAY.

LOOK! LOOK!!

Farmers and Gardeners.

Having again secured a large stock of HENRY C. ANTHONY'S

Garden and Vegetable Seeds

I would respectfully notify the public that this is the only place in Newport where these superior seeds can be obtained. All orders entrusted to my care will receive prompt attention. I would especially call the attention of the public to the superior and tested

ONION SEED AND SWEET CORN,

which are pronounced the best in the market.

A. A. BARKER,

Dealer in Groceries, Grain, Farming Utensils, &c.

182 BROADWAY, NEWPORT, R. I.

3-10

The Mercury.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1897.

They don't elect a governor for a year and a half yet in Maine, still there are half a dozen candidates actively at work for the position. Politics must be a business as well as recreation in the Pine Tree State.

The Executive carriage in Tuesday's 'Lection Day parade was as usual driven by S. S. Vars of this city. This famous Knight of the Whip has served, in like capacity, every Governor of Rhode Island since and including 1857, and he now refers with pride to the fact that the first Executive thus honoring him was father of the last and that both bore the same name—Hon. Elisha Dyer of Providence.

The people of Rhode Island are not in the habit of changing their officials often when they perform their duty faithfully. Hence the repeated elections of State Auditor Col. A. C. Landers, High Sheriff James Anthony and Clerk of the Courts Charles E. Harvey. They have all been long in office and have performed their various duties in a most satisfactory manner. Their re-election this year is a merited compliment to faithful service.

The first vote on the tariff bill showed a decided majority in favor of the committee's report. There is probably not much doubt but that the Senate will finally pass the bill substantially as reported by the finance committee. Senator Aldrich's speech on the Senate tariff bill was an able production and showed that he thoroughly understood what he was talking about. There is no question but what our senior senator is the best posted man in the country on tariff questions.

The celebration of Election day in each year is a performance that Newport will relinquish with deep regret. It is with our people the one great holiday of the year. It is a custom as old as the State and has been observed all of these two hundred and fifty years with unfailing regularity. Although many of our people talk of its rapidly approaching end, yet if Newport stands up solidly for her rights it will be many years yet before it can be taken away from her.

By the Constitution of the State Newport is co-equal with Providence as one of the State's capitals. By that Constitution the legislature is compelled to assemble annually in Newport and adjourn from there to Providence. Now this cannot be wiped out of the Constitution except by its passage through two General Assemblies and by a three-fifths vote of the people. If our people, therefore, instead of quietly folding their hands and letting a few interested people in Providence walk over them would stand solidly up for their rights, and oppose any attempted amendment to the Constitution that should cut Newport off, there are people enough in the rest of the State who would stand by them so that a three-fifths vote to abolish Newport as a State capital could not be obtained. It is time to stop saying that "only a few more elections will be held in Newport," and prepare to resist to the utmost any change that will cut us off. A strong, united, aggressive and determined fight will prevent for many years the consummation of any such scheme.

Newport's Tax Rate.

The society editor of the New York Times writes: The Newport tax assessors have again raised the rate of taxation at that fashionable resort, and have fixed upon a rate of $11 per thousand, which the unhappy real estate owners there will be called upon to pay. This will make Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt's annual tax upward of $10,000, while the remaining New York summer residents will have to pay proportionately. As may be imagined, there is much indignation among the members of the Newport summer colony over this new move, and open threats are made that if this rate is not reduced property will be sold and Newport abandoned by many prominent people. The New York summer residents pay nearly two-thirds of the taxes at the resort, and they feel themselves unjustly treated by having the already large tax rate increased. It is probable that some definite steps looking toward the reduction of this new and higher tax rate will soon be taken in the courts.

Such an article as the above, written by some irresponsible newspaper scribbler, does Newport great harm, and conveys to the outside world utterly wrong impressions. When he talks about the unhappy real estate owners in Newport being compelled to pay enormous taxes he does not know what he is talking about. The rate of taxation in Newport is lower than that of any other city in America. It is less than one half what it is in New York; about two thirds of Boston and so on. Our rate is established by law at one per cent or $10 on a $1000, with sufficient added to pay the interest on the cities indebtedness. Last year that made the full rate $1.05 on a hundred dollars. This year it is $1.10 or an increase of five cents on $100, not enough to cause a growl from anybody and probably nobody but the irresponsible newspaper correspondent is raising any growl. This same correspondent commits another grave error when he says that New York summer residents pay two-thirds of Newport's taxes. The fact is that they pay a good deal less than one quarter of the city's taxes. These false statements sent out continually by irresponsible penny-a-liners do Newport a vast amount of harm.

The Charles E. Lawton and Gen. G. K. Warren Posts and Warren Post Associates will attend Divine service at the First Baptist Church tomorrow evening.

The Inheritance Tax Law.

The states of New York and Connecticut have lately passed what they call an inheritance tax; that is, where a person dies leaving property worth a certain sum the state immediately levies a tax on that property at different rates per cent. according to the value of the property left. As an illustration of the way this tax works in the two states witness the following from the pen of one of Connecticut's leading citizens. He writes:

"There is no sound reason for a transfer or collateral inheritance tax, other than the claim that it is "easily collected" and that the lips of the dead are sealed and cannot remonstrate.

The claim that this tax is the price of that protection which the state gives to property will always have a better definition from those who are forced to divide with the public protector.

Those ancient tyrants who abolished the tax by abolishing the taxpayer and confiscating his property found the true way for abolishing the state.

Any tax which reaches the principal, by never so little, weakens the source of production, and cannot be many times repeated without destroying the producer.

A wealthy citizen of Buffalo, N. Y., made his summer home among the hills of Litchfield County, Conn., and died in possession. The state of New York claimed the collateral inheritance tax of 5 per cent. on the Connecticut property, which was paid; the state of Connecticut claimed the 5 per cent. inheritance tax on the same property, which was paid; the town of Salisbury collected its local tax, all of which was paid in one and the same year. The possibility of such an experience with the tangled systems of two states does not add any attractive charm to the lovely hills of western Connecticut as a summer home for citizens of other states.

A progressive inheritance tax which would take 20 per cent. of all estates in excess of $2,000,000 would not add one dollar to the aggregate wealth of New York, but, on the contrary, would diminish the power of taxation and encourage the most profligate expenditures. Eleven states have already shown their wisdom by abolishing the collateral inheritance tax and it will be well for Connecticut to profit by their example. It is a prim relic of dark ages and despotic governments, where the rights of man and the rights of property were the unresisting subjects of a tyrant's will.

The Egyptian fellah who is mortgaged to Turkey for tribute, to England and France for interest on the foreign debts, as well as to his own government for the annual budget, is not in a more deplorable situation than the owner of a summer home in Salisbury or Litchfield, but who votes in the state of New York, and is subject to a progressive inheritance tax in both states. It is another term for confiscation by due process of law."

Not Much.

The following scheme told by Harper's Weekly evidently eminated from the fertile brain of Mr. Cope Whitehouse. But as that gentleman now has a bigger scheme on foot; namely, that of building a hospital in Newport for the use of English grooms who fall off tally-ho coaches or otherwise hurt themselves, the plan outlined in Harper's Weekly will hardly be carried out. We give it though with the Weekly's comments. It says:

There are various stories anent the raising of money by Americans for a Jubilee gift for the Queen of England, but all of them sound apocryphal. One recent tale of this sort discusses a proposition said to be under consideration at Newport to build a summer home there for the British ambassador. The proposal in its present nebulous state seems to combine some Jubilee commemoration with a praiseworthy intention of increasing the value of real estate. The active promoters are said to be Englishmen who live in America, but co-operation is looked for from Americans whose daughters have married in England. It has been suggested that if the scheme should go through and the house be built, the Prince of Wales might run over in his yacht and go ashore informally to visit the embassy.

But the plan, if there ever was any dream of such a plan, won't be carried out. If a number of British subjects living in this country were disposed to make such a gift to the British government they might do it, no doubt, without impropriety; but they are pretty hard-headed people, and not at all hysterical in their loyalty, and if they did make a Jubilee present they would probably put it aboard a British steamer and send it over to the Queen.

It is possible that there are American-born geese enough in America to buy a Newport house for the British embassy, but it is certain that they would not have the hardihood to group themselves on a subscription-list where they could be counted. And finally, the British ambassador is not in the least likely to lend himself to the promotion of a real-estate speculation.

The New City Directory.

The canvass for the Newport Directory for 1897 has just commenced. Messrs. Sampson, Murdock & Co., of Boston and Providence are the publishers. They have the same men this year who did the work last, and they promise to do their best to make this issue accurate and complete in every department and have the book out on time. Officers of churches, lodges and other societies are requested to correct their respective organizations for the miscellaneous department, when the canvasser calls. Headquarters are at the book store of W. P. Clarke, the local agent, and during the canvass at the Brayton House.

Mr. Philip Weaver, who spent 'Lection in this city with his mother, Mrs. Jacob Weaver, has returned to his home in Auburn, R. I. He was accompanied by his two sons.

The annual session of the Rhode Island Conference of Congregational Churches will be held at the United Congregational Church in this city on June 8 and 9.

Rev. Benjamin H. Chase, a former rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church at Portsmouth, and the Episcopal Church of Greenville, is critically ill at his home in Swansea, Mass.

Mrs. John P. Simmons of Bristol, is visiting friends in this city.

William Oatley, aged 45 years, employed in the Coburn car shop at Natick, was the victim of a peculiar accident this week, which may cause his death. A fellow-workman at the same bench was splitting a steel nut, when it slipped, hitting Oatley in the left eye. The optic was gouged out, and minute fragments of steel on the nut penetrated his brain. Oatley was taken to the Rhode Island Hospital.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

MAY 1897. STANDARD TIME.

	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon rises	High water Morn	High water Eve
29 Sat	4 32	7 23	2 56	6 00	6 13
30 Sun	4 31	7 23	3 28	6 46	6 51
31 Mon	4 31	7 24	sets	1 11	7 28
1 Tues	4 30	7 25	6 54	7 56	8 06
2 Wed	4 30	7 26	9 33	8 36	8 46
3 Thurs	4 30	7 26	10 17	9 18	9 22
4 Fri	4 29	7 27	10 50	10 01	10 13

New Moon, 31st day, 1h, 26m. morning.
First Quarter, 8th day, 2h, 2m., morning.
Full Moon, 14th day, 4h, 2m., evening.
Last Quarter, 21st day, 6h, 21m, evening
New Moon, 29th day, 9h, 55m. evening.

A. O'D. Taylor,

Real Estate Office, 124 Bellevue avenue, Newport, R. I.

Mr. Taylor wants to purchase, for a client, a small farm of 20 to 30 acres, with good house and buildings, in the northern part of Portsmouth, or on main land near Tiverton. Farmers desirous of selling will please communicate with Mr. Taylor at once.

Jamestown Office now open for the daily transaction of all real estate business.
Office hours—9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

MARRIAGES

At Holy Cross Cathedral, Boston, May 25th, Joseph F. Caples and Helena G. Sullivan of this city.

DEATHS

In this city, 25th inst., George Lawton, aged 80 years.

Sunday, 23d inst., Mrs. Joanna, widow of Arnold Hazard.

In this city, 22d inst., George Chase Davis, aged 13 years.

In Providence, 25th inst., Lewis H. Humphreys, 84; 24th inst., Lydia M., widow of Ebenezer Mathewson, and daughter of the late Watson Ingraham of Barrington, R. I. 88; 22d inst., Elisabeth A., widow of Daniel Brownell, 73; 26th inst., Ann, widow of Edward Tranter, 76; 25th inst., Abbie, wife of Almerson Cropper, 54; 25th inst., Nathan O. Case, 53; 22nd inst., Hugh Collins, 55; 22d inst., Mary R., widow of Joseph Fry 80.

Farms For Sale.

Six farms I have a list ranging in price from $3,000 to $10,000, and from 5 to 200 acres. I have two lots of grass land to offer.

STORES FOR RENT.

In stores I have two on Bellevue avenue, three on Spring street, two on Thames street, one up town and one down town.

COTTAGES FOR RENT.

Summer street, modern improvements,		$400
Thurston ave. and Broadway,	"	400
Arnold avenue (stable)	"	300
Middleton avenue,	"	240
Rhode Island avenue,	"	276
Hall avenue,	"	192
Prescott Hall road,	"	168

A few cheap tenements on hand and a few good half houses. Lists on application.
Fire insurance placed in best Stock and Mutual Companies.

SIMEON HAZARD,
94 BROADWAY

GURNEY
HOT WATER HEATERS
STEAM BOILERS
AND RADIATORS.
FOR
EFFICIENCY-DURABILITY-ECONOMY
THEY STAND UNEQUALLED
WHAT USERS SAY.

Your boiler has given the very best of satisfaction from start to finish.
W. J. Emerson, Biddeford, Mass.

Mr Gurney Heater has been a perfect success in every way. It is acknowledged to be the most economical to run of any in town.
Frederick Comstock, E. Hartford, Ct.

Get your local dealer for Illustrated Catalogue "How Best to Heat our Homes," or write direct to the Gurney Heater Mfg. Co., 158 Franklin St., cor. Congress, Boston, Mass.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE
Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK
Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD
Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE
is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY. }

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co, doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J CHENEY

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December A. D. 1886.

[SEAL] A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free. F. J. CHENEY & CO, Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c

WASHINGTON MATTERS.

The Cuban Question—Arrangements for Discussing the Tariff; Bill—Silverites Still Talking—Civil Services Rules.

(From our regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, May 24, 1897.

When it comes to expressing their sympathy for Cuba, or showing their confidence in President McKinley, the republicans of the House stand with the President. They know that it is not necessary to pass the Senate resolution declaring that the belligerency of the Cubans should be recognized, in order to convince the country of their sympathy for Cuba. They also know that the adoption of that resolution at this time would unnecessarily embarrass the President, who is working out a policy that will be of some practical benefit to the Cubans, which it is far from certain that the recognition of belligerency would be. This being the situation, it is not likely that the House will act upon the belligerency resolution or take any other action relating to Cuba, until President McKinley has had time enough to formulate and announce his policy. The real friends of Cuba want more than a recognition of belligerency; they want to see the Island independent; and to that end they are steadfastly working; meanwhile, the money appropriated by Congress for the relief of destitute Americans in Cuba, is being used for that purpose by the United States Consuls.

There is no good reason for any undue haste in taking the next step, especially when haste might defeat the very object sought—the ending of bloodshed in Cuba. President McKinley has promised to act in a short time, and republicans are willing to accept that promise and wait.

Republican Senators held a caucus today, in order to smooth down little differences as to modes of procedure during the tariff debate, now open. There was a general interchange of opinion, and, while there was no attempt to bind anybody, a general understanding was reached that no time should be devoted to lengthy speeches by republicans. At the caucus of democratic Senators, it was decided to open their fight on the tariff bill by moving to strike out the entire internal revenue section, of the bill, in order to try to curry favor with the brewing interests. Republicans do not believe the motion will carry.

The Bryanites are constantly talking about the increase of free silver sentiment in the country and saying that the result of last November would be reversed if there were a National election held now. Of course everybody knows that sort of talk to be mere bluff and bluster. If proof was needed, it is furnished by the fact that the democratic leader of the House—Bailey, of Texas—and other prominent democrats have gone into the first Congressional district of Missouri to speak and work for the election of a democratic successor to the late Representative R. P. Giles. The silver sentiment is growing so fast in the silver state of Missouri, that stump speakers of National prominence are needed to make sure that the republicans do not carry a district that last November elected a silver democrat. Facts like this are more convincing than loud talk, just as a man is always judged to a larger extent by his actions than by his words.

President McKinley has been so occupied with other matters that he has not had time to decide what to do about revoking the extensions of the civil service rules, made by Mr. Cleveland, but he has heard the complaints of many prominent republicans concerning the injustice of the most of those extensions and there is very little doubt that when he takes the question up, some, if not all, of these extensions will have to go. Some idea of how some of these extensions are regarded by prominent officials, who know by experience just how they are working, may be had from the following vigorous language used by Assistant Secretary Ryan of the Interior Department: "The civil service law has been perverted and dragged into mire to serve partisan ends; but even that is not the worst of it. A new administration has come into power, pledged to carry out policies which in many important respects are directly contrary to those of the last administration, and it finds itself confronted on the very threshold by an army of official incumbents hostile, or at the very least, indifferent, to its aims and purposes—an army intrenched behind newly devised rules and regulations which were never contemplated or dreamed of by the framers and supporters of the civil service law, whose design was to elevate and improve the efficiency of the clerical service in the executive departments of the Government." Mr. Ryan was a member of the House when the civil service bill was passed and he voted for it, and still believes in it, but he thinks the partisan barnacles put upon it by Mr. Cleveland will have to be scraped off or the country will become disgusted with the entire law. More evidence of the partisan working of the rules under the last administration has been submitted to the Senate Investigating Committee, and a number of bureau chiefs, including Commissioner of Patents Butterworth, have added their recommendation that the present rules be modified.

J. B.

You may as well get your spring clothes in time to have full use of them. Spring depends on the weather; not on the almanac.

The clothes are here; the prices are lower than ever before, because the times were so hard when the clothes were making—the harder the times, the more you get for your money.

Now is the time; your money back if you want it.

Newport One Price Clothing Co.

An Ideal Vacation Land.

Nova Scotia is rapidly becoming the great vacation land for the people of New England, and thousands upon thousands annually wander to its shores to seek the restful quiet, delightful climate, fine trout fishing and beautiful scenery for which it is yearly becoming more and more famous. A trip through the delightful "Land of Evangeline," with its historical associations, greatest apple orchards and highest tides in the world, is an event of pleasing memories.

You can go from Boston either via St. John or Yarmouth and the steamers of the International S. S. Co. and Yarmouth S. S. Co. are models of elegance and comfort.

The Dominion Atlantic Railway, which pierces the very heart of "Land of Evangeline," issues a delightfully written and beautifully illustrated guide book, written by Prof. Chas. G. D. Roberts, entitled "The Land of Evangeline and Gateways Thither." It will be mailed post free by writing Mr. J. F. Masters, Agent, 228 Washington St., Boston, Mass. At his office the most reliable information as to tours, rates, hotels etc., can also be obtained.

Edward Ducsy, aged 23 years, died in Hartford May 18 from nose bleeding. The man literally bled to death, his system being so much weakened by the loss of blood that he gradually sank. His case was one of the peculiar kind occassionally met with in medical practice. It is a poor condition of the blood in which the life fluid is so devoid of fibrous material that it fails to coagulate, and with such conditions a fatal result is to be apprehended.

Pilot Commissioner F. M. Burroughs, while at Block Island on Saturday found a mud turtle about one inch long with two heads. The curiosity was decidedly lively when found, but on Sunday died and was put in alcohol and is now in Mr. Burrough's office.

Women with pale, colorless faces, who feel weak and discouraged, will receive both mental and bodily vigor by using Carter's Iron Pills, which are made for the blood, nerves and complexion.

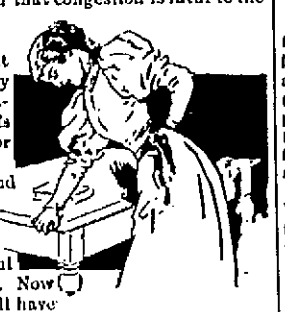
WOMEN! DON'T WAIT.

If You Have Any of These Symptoms Act at Once.

Do you know the reason why you will go to the hospital, my poor friend?

Because you have allowed yourself to go from bad to worse. You did not know that that heat, swelling and tenderness in your left side were all signs of congestion of the ovary.

Any intelligent woman could have told you that congestion is fatal to the uterine system, and that an ovary congested leads to tumor formation, and that you were in awful danger. Now you will have to undergo the operation of ovariotomy, the cutting out of the ovary.



Yes, you will recover, at least I hope you will; but you will never be quite the same woman again. Congestion of the ovaries is fatal to health. If you have any such symptoms be advised in time; take a medicine of specific powers! You can find none better than Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, prepared especially to meet the needs of woman's sexual system. You can get it at any good druggist's.

Following we publish a letter from a woman in Milwaukee, which relates how she was cured of ovarian trouble:

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—I suffered with congestion of the ovaries and inflammation of the womb. I had been troubled with suppressed and painful menstruation from a girl. The doctors told me the ovaries would have to be removed. I took treatment two years to escape an operation, but still remained in miserable health in both body and mind, expecting to part with my reason each coming month. After using one bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and a package of Sanative Wash I was very much relieved. I continued to use your remedies until cured. The last nine months have been passed in perfect good health. This, I know, I owe entirely to the Vegetable Compound. My gratitude is great, indeed, to the one to whom so many women owe their health and happiness."—Mrs. F. M. KNAPP, 563 Wentworth Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

DROWNED IN THE KENNEBEC.

Three Popular Young Men of Augusta In Watery Grave.

Augusta, Me., May 24.—Edwin Nash, Lewis Moore and Joseph Wight, all young and popular men of this city, started yesterday to row to their camp about five miles up the Kennebec. They were passed by Austin Coret and his two sons, also bound up the river. On Coret's return he found the boat overturned and drifting, but no trace of the boys. Towing the boat to the shore he found the boys' luncheon. Word was brought to this city and searching parties went up the river, but found nothing but Nash's cap and an oar, floating in the water near the shore.

The young men were of exemplary habits, and the cause of the disaster will probably always remain a mystery. All of them were members of Trinity commandery, Knights Templar, of this city. Nash was the son of Captain Charles E. Nash, the publisher. Wight was the son of A. M. Wight, a prominent jeweler. Moore was the only child of Mrs. Moore of Steuben, a widow, and was employed at the Gannet & Morse concern.

Nash's age was about 26 years, Moore, 26, Wight, about 24. Wight is said to have been the only one that could swim. The water was very rough, being lashed by a strong southerly gale.

The only theory seems to be that the boat must have been swamped by the rough water and overturned. A riverman living near the place where the boat was found said that he had been on the river for 25 years and in all his experiences had never seen such waves running as were kicked up by the wind of Sunday.

DARKER FOR KING.

Young Bank Embezzler's Case Taken Up by Federal Authorities.

Boston, May 27.—Albert M. King, who fled from Boston last week with $30,000 of the funds of the Boylston National bank in his possession, was turned over to United States Deputy Marshal Waters today.

He was taken before United States Commissioner Fiske and arraigned on the charge of embezzling $30,940, while acting as agent of the Boylston National bank.

He pleaded not guilty, and was held under $2500 bonds for the grand jury, which meets on June 4. He furnished bonds and was released, his father and H. T. Whitman being surety.

The complaint against King was made by Inspector John Harris of headquarters.

King was held for the grand jury in the municipal court last Tuesday on the charge of violating a state statute. This complaint will be not pressed, however, as District Attorney Stevens decided that the alleged offence came under the United States statute, and that the case, therfore, was not in his jurisdiction.

The Boylston National bank and the statute referring to offenses against them, under which the King charge is framed, provides for a penalty of not less than five years' imprisonment.

Free Thinker Fined.

Atlanta, May 28.—Rev. James Hoskins, a preacher of the Free Thinkers' faith, who has been holding forth on the streets of the city for 30 nights, was tried in the police court yesterday and fined. His arrest was caused by the vicious terms with which he characterized Christ, denouncing him as a hypocrit, liar and pretender. The preaching created general indignation and many complaints were made. Hoskins was ordered to desist, but refusing to do so he was arrested. Only a nominal fine was assessed, as Hoskins promised to discontinue his sermons.

Story Was a Myth.

Boston, May 27.—Captain F. S. Israel of the British steamer Ethelred, now at Philadelphia from Port Antonio, Jam., in a letter to the Boston Fruit company of this city, the charterers of the steamer, denies the story published to the effect that the Ethelred was made a target for Spanish warships on the passage to and from Jamaica. He says that the story is purely a myth, and nothing occurred during the passage out of the ordinary.

SEED POTATOES,

Rose, Northern, New Queens, Hebron. This seed is of the very best of stock, not picked up from the potato houses and called seed, but raised especially for seed from pure stock. Before you buy, please call and examine my stock.

CHITTENDEN FERTILIZERS and
STOCKBRIDGE MANURES
ON HAND AT ALL TIMES.

Grass Seeds.

Call in and examine the goods. I will give you prices, less the cost of a man horse and wagon to call on you.

Seed Oats,
Garden Seeds,

A. A. BARKER,
162 & 164
BROADWAY.

BRADFORD SCRIPT

Delivered to Governor Wolcott by Thomas F. Bayard.

Interesting Ceremony at Massachusetts Capitol—Senator Hoar Orator of the Occasion—Incident Made a Part of Proceedings of Legislature.

Boston, May 26.—The presentation of the Bradford manuscript to the state of Massachusetts at the capitol today was an incident of more than ordinary interest. That the occasion should be properly incorporated in the history of the state the ceremony was conducted in the presence of the legislature in joint session and the state officials.

At 11 o'clock, according to Governor Wolcott's program, the ceremonies began. Thomas F. Bayard, ex-ambassador to the court of St. James, fulfilled the trust imposed upon him by the bishop of London and delivered to Governor Wolcott, as the representative of the state of Massachusetts, the manuscript history of Plymouth colony, which for many years had been as good as lost. Governor Wolcott received the trust with a short but particularly fitting address. Senator George Frisbie Hoar, the principal orator of the occasion, gave an interesting history of the Plymouth plantation, as told by William Bradford.

Besides the members of the legislature there were present many prominent Bay State men, including the state officers.

Mr. Bayard, in presenting the manuscript to the state, made a short speech in which he said he was only an agent in the matter, although a willing one.

"I have not thought it best to take a very prominent part myself, especially in the speechmaking. The day is a Massachusetts one. The governor, the legislature in both branches, and the senior senator will appropriately voice the sentiments of the commonwealth. Senator Hoar has made a very careful study of Pilgrim history. He will tell you the story of Bradford. One thing in particular must stand out in everybody's mind, and that is the courtesy and good will on the part of the English government and people, of which this is an evidence. There has been no instance before where England has given away any of these cherished relics. Occasionally a will has been allowed to go to another country to settle disputed property claims—the will of Napoleon Bonaparte, for instance, but as a rule England guards very tenaciously her precious trophies." Mr. Bayard then told the details of the proceedings leading up to the return of the manuscript.

Senator Hoar's Speech.

Senator Hoar's address was in part as follows:

The first American ambassador to Great Britain, at the end of his official service, comes to Massachusetts on an interesting errand. He comes to deliver to the lineal successor of Governor Bradford, in the presence of the representatives and rulers of the body politic formed by the compact on board the Mayflower on Nov. 11, 1620, the only authentic history of the founding of their commonwealth; the only authentic history of what we have a right to consider the most important political transaction that has ever taken place on the face of the earth.

It has long been well known that Governor Bradford wrote and left behind him a history of the settlement of Plymouth. It was quoted by early chroniclers. There are extracts from it in the records at Plymouth. Thomas Prince used it when he compiled his annals. Hubbard depended on it when he wrote his history of New England. Cotton Mather had read it or a copy of a portion of it when he wrote his Magnalia. Governor Hutchinson had it when he published the second volume of his history in 1767. From that time it disappeared from the knowledge of everybody on this side of the water. All of our historians speak of it as lost, and can only guess what had been its fate.

In 1841 Samuel Wilberforce, bishop of Oxford, afterward bishop of London, one of the brightest of men, published one of the dullest and stupidest of books. It is entitled "The History of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America." It contained extracts from manuscripts which he said he had discovered in the library of the bishop of London at Fulham. The book attracted no attention here until, about 12 years later, in 1855, John Wingate Thornton, whom many of us remember as an accomplished antiquary and a delightful gentleman, happened to pick up a copy of it while he was lounging in Burnham's bookstore. He read the bishop's quotations and carried the book to the house of his friend, Mr. Barry, who was then writing his "History of Massachusetts." Mr. Barry was not at home. Thornton left the volume with passages marked, and with a note which is not preserved, but which, according to his memory, suggested that the passages must have come from Bradford's long-lost history. That is the claim for Mr. Thornton. On the other hand, it is claimed by Mr. Barry that there was nothing of that kind expressed in Mr. Thornton's note, but in reading the book, when he got back, an hour or so later, the thought struck him for the first time that the clue had been found to the precious book which had been lost so long. He at once repaired to Charles Deane, then, and ever since down to his death, as President Eliot felicitously styled him, "the master of historical investigators in this country." Mr. Deane saw the importance of the discovery. He communicated at once with Joseph Hunter, an eminent English scholar. Hunter was high authority on all matters connected with the settlement of New England, who visited the palace at Fulham, and established beyond question the identity of the manuscript with Governor Bradford's history, an original letter of Governor Bradford having been sent to Mr. Hunter for comparison of handwriting. How the manuscript got to Fulham nobody knows.

The proceedings were marked with greatest enthusiasm. Resolutions thanking England for the great gift were passed.

The delivery of the manuscript was made in joint session of the legislature so that the incident would be recorded in the official history of the state. It was previously decided that the papers should remain in the archives of the state library.

At the close of the exercises the American Antiquarian society gave a complimentary dinner to ex-Ambassador Bayard.

Reid Will Attend Jubilee.

Washington, May 28.—Hon. Whitelaw Reid paid a hurried visit to the Capitol yesterday. Mr. Reid's visit was for the purpose of talking over with President McKinley the proffer made to him of accepting the honor of special ambassador of the United States at the queen's jubilee. Before leaving, he accepted the mission and will represent the United States on that occasion.

THE WEEK'S NEWS

SATURDAY, MAY 22.

King, the missing bank messenger of Boston, not yet found——Report that President McKinley has sounded Spanish government on mediation in Cuba, and that Spain has rejected good offices of the United States——Ambassadors presented terms of peace to the porte——South American bankers and business men to visit Fall River, Mass., June 14——Japanese government, it is understood, demands damages from Hawaii for refusal of lutter to allow immigrants to land——Trial of the Terry cross divorce suit opened in Paris——Major General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., granted a special audience by the Sultan of Turkey——Serum experiments in treatment of the plague in India prove unsuccessful——Proposed plan of relief for Irish landlords outlined in house of commons——Lincoln's birthday made a legal holiday in New York——Possibility that senate may get through with tariff bill in four weeks——Will of the late William D. Howland of New Bedford, Mass., filed for probate——Providence man sent to jail for refusing to settle a damage suit——C. W. Tuttle of Columbia City, Ind., to be commissioner for Alaska——Eli Hartzberg sentenced at Boston to not less than 12 years in the state prison for criminal assault——Bates college defeats Colby university in joint debate——Porte concludes a large contract with Her Krupp, the great German gunmaker, for a supply of artillery and ammunition.

SUNDAY, MAY 24.

King, the Boylston bank robber, captured at Farmington, Me——Logansport (Ind.) bank robbed of more than $300,000 by its president——Neutral zone fixed between Turkish and Greek armies——Sir Ellis Ashmead Bartlett interviews the sultan——Dartmouth wins the intercollegiate athletic meting at Worcester, Mass——Ambassador White banquoted by the German-Americans of New York——Premier Canovas virtually confirms the report that President McKinley has sounded Spanish government as to offer of mediation by the United States——J. H. Kennedy, a Cambridge, Mass., newsdealer, run over and killed by a train——World's 6-day bicycle record broken in Chicago——Dean company's dupes may get some of their lost money——Steeplechaser Duke of Abercorn killed at Morris Park, N. Y——Princeton defeats Columbia in track and field games——Death of Dr. Benjamin E. Cotting at Roxbury, Mass——Exhibition of class work in music under the auspices of the New England Conference of Educational Workers at Boston——The public not to be invited to witness the delivery of the Bradford manuscript——Steamer Delta ashore off Cape Breton coast——Texas legislature on adjourning immediately called together again——Ransom Sholes sentenced to three years' imprisonment at Norwich, Conn., for subornation of perjury——Battleship Texas arrives in Boston harbor——Death of Lorenzo Sayles Fairbanks, well known Boston lawyer and penmanship expert——Death of Ernest B. Chenoweth, formerly editor of The Saturday Evening Gazette of Boston.

MONDAY, MAY 24.

Absconding Bank Messenger King brought back to Boston——Oldest church in Georgia destroyed by fire——An Italian commits suicide in Charles street jail, Boston——Broker Chapman's first week in Washington jail a busy one——Three young men of Augusta, Me., drowned in the Kennebec——Two lives lost and a Boston woman injured in a New York fire——President McKinley's Cuban policy outlined——Senate will take up tariff this week, but house will not act on the Morgan resolution——Yale confident of winning the Mott Haven games——Portuguese celebrate a religious festival in Boston——Baldwin & Co., the noted bucketshop proprietors, cease business in New York——Indictments against the E. S. Dean company granted by grand jury at Memphis——Alleged Bank Wrecker Johnson of Logansport, Ind., taken to jail——British fruit steamer twice chased and fired on by Spanish gunboats——Case of smallpox discovered in Charlestown, Mass——Arrangements completed for chess match between teams representing British house of commons and United States house of representatives——Ten thousand dollar collection in Leyden church, Brookline, Mass——Grave charges preferred against several pupils of West Roxbury (Mass.) high school——Cambridge and Somerville (Mass.) insect pest is not the gypsy moth——New steamship line to be established between South America and California——John Lucas, aged 31, a machinist, drowned at Bristol, R. I——The Babbitt furniture factory at Philadelphia burned. Loss, $40,000——William H. Ross, aged 15, committed suicide at Stockton, N. J., while his parents were at church; he was a cigaret fiend——John F. Johnson, the alleged wrecker of the State National bank of Logansport, Ind., in jail at Indianapolis——Lying helplessly sick, with her 3-year-old child asleep at her side, Mrs. Nellie Dawson, 25 years old, was shot and killed by her husband, John Dawson, at Chicago——The big Rosena furnace in New Castle, Pa., owned by Senator Hanna and ex-Senator Cameron, let go and a great volume of coke, iron ore and coal crashed through the roof of the casting house, burying 30 men under the debris——Greaco-Turksh situation in statu quo——Edhem Pasha informs the Greek government that he will negotiate terms of peace direct——A Professional swimmer drowned in California.

TUESDAY, MAY 25.

King, absconding messenger of the Boylston National bank taken to Boston from Farmington, Me——Boston board of aldermen amend city regulations in order to prevent wearing big hats at theatres——Japanese merchants protest against Dingley duties on their goods——Members of the Hebrew Carpenters' union of Boston go out on a strike for an 8-hour day——Both branches of congress adjourn on being informed of the death of Senator Earle——A baseball pitcher and two students expelled from Worcester (Mass.) academy——United States supreme court decides that interstate commerce commission cannot fix rates——Great American and English interests struggling for supremacy in China——Bill divorcing Mrs. Acklan from her husband passed by the Delaware house of representatives——Messrs. Havemeyer and Searles in Washington for their trial——Senate's action on the Morgan resolution denounced in the Spanish chamber——Gaudaur defeats Rogers in a sculling match at Orillia, Ont——Members of the British Charitable society and the Harvard Canadian club join in celebrating the 58th birthday of Queen Victoria——Violent demonstration in the Austrian reichsrath——Presbyterian assembly reviews a year's work——Three thousand more garment operatives to quit work in New York——Driscoll of Georgetown wins the tennis championship of the South——The Baroness von Bulow-Wendhausen visits Brookline (Mass.) schools——Close of gas explosion investigation at Boston——L. A. W. will not interfere with road races which do not make at least one circuit of a race track——Annual meeting of stockholders of Boston, Concord and Montreal railroad——Booth-Tucker on trial in New York for conducting a disorderly house——Bank Wrecker Johnson of Indiana will plead guilty and go to prison——Sensational indictment of Congressman Stevens returned by grand jury at St. Paul——Two officials of a failed Kansas bank arrested——Mr. Calhoun getting valuable information on affairs in Cuba——Complimentary banquet to Judge Savage of Lewiston, Me——Worcester (Mass.) man, who disappeared two weeks ago, returns home——Town of Pepperell, Mass., bequeathed $100,000 by the late bankker Lawrence of New York.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 26.

Bradford manuscript delivered to the state of Massachusetts by ex-Ambassador Bayard; Governor Wolcott received the document for the state, and Senator Hoar delivered the principal oration——Trial of H. O. Havermeyer for contumacy in declining to answer a senate committee's question begun at Washington——Senators Chandler and Morgan debate how to send grain to India——Prince Francis Joseph of Battenburg to be governor general of Crete——Levee breaks in El Paso, Tex., and 150 houses are swept away——Massachusetts Knights of Pythias parade in Worcester——Melrose, Mass., new government committee will report in favor of a city charter——Couplin, a Polish embezzler, who eloped with a Boston girl, escapes from his pursuers at Camden, N. J——A variety actress shoots her husband and a woman after hearing them plan elopement at St. Louis——Ex-Senator Edmunds denies that he has been offered the position of minister to Spain——Conference of the Evangelistic Association of New England at Boston——Elisha C. Mowry of Cambridge, Mass., removed as trustee under the will of his late brother, Albert E. Mowry——A Fitchburg, Mass., teamster arrested on a charge of murder——Salesman for a Boston firm arrested in Auburn, Me., on a charge of embezzlement——Albert King, the Boston embezzler, is released on bail and returns home——The Graeco-Turkish situation less peaceful; sultan continues sending troops to Thessaly; Germany and Russia distrusted by the other European powers——Consideration of revised tariff bill in the senate begins——Poor people in Havana crowd around American consulate asking for food.

THURSDAY, MAY 27.

First vote on the tariff bill taken in the senate; opponents of the same defeated——Trial of H. O. Havemeyer for contempt of the senate continued——Calhoun's companion describes the condition of affairs in Cuba as savagery and riot——McCoy defeats O'Brien in a glove fight in New York——Ambassador Porter formally received by President Faure of France——Spanish chamber favors proposition to mortgage quicksilver mines for a war loan——Big naval scheme proposed to French budget commission indorsed by naval committee——Chandler's proposition to send relief to India by any suitable ship adopted by the senate——Sensational scandal in the town of Monroe, Me——Members of a failed Providence firm charged with deceit and mismanagement——Booth-Tucker convicted of maintaining a disorderly house at the big barracks in New York——The Graeco-Turkish armistice to be prolonged——Greek premier insulted by Italian socialist leader——Newton (Mass.) school-board refuses to accept resignation of Principal Goodwin——Miss Kate Frazee tries to shoot the hated rival who won away the love of Raymond Messerole at Boston——John L. McLaurin appointed to United States senate by Governor Ellerbe of South Carolina to succeed Senator Earle, deceased——Dr. and Mrs. Ricker of Lewiston, Me., celebrate their golden wedding——Supreme council of Royal Arcanum at Boston elects officers——Missing men of schooner Johnson arrive at Provincetown, Mass., having been picked up by bark China——Judge Harry Marshall Buford of Lexington, Ky., commits suicide because his mother had died——Young King will be tried in the United States courts, and the sentence, if found guilty, cannot be less than five years——United States warships Massachusetts and New York at Boston——Chicago men engage in a whisky drinking bout; two dead, third in a critical condition——Roosevelt severely criticises 18 navy staff officers for permitting the Cramps to pay their expenses.

FRIDAY, MAY 28.

President Havemeyer of the sugar trust acquitted by a jury at Washington of contempt of senate in refusing to answer certain questions during the famous sugar investigation——Two former employes of the Massachusetts Benefit Life association at Boston charged with conspiracy to rob——Boston "L" railway franchise tenure for 5-cent fares will probably be fixed at 25 years——Satisfactory trial of the new gunboat Newport at Bath, Me——Nine men killed in a railroad smashup at American Falls, Ida——El Paso, Tex., flooded, and 100 poor families rendered homeless——Great excitement caused by shooting affair in Pawtucket, R. I——Earthquake shocks in Canada and through Vermont——Two men indicted at New York as a result of the investigation of the E. S. Dean company failure——Marquis Ito, former premier of Japan, who is en route to the queen's jubilee, arrives in New York——Good progress made by senate on chemical schedule of tariff bill——Mr. McKinley said to have a man in view for the mission to Spain——Fire in Ashland, Wis., causes a loss estimated at $150,000——Speaker Reed receives and tables the Morgan resolution, and heads off a similar one——Death of ex-Mayor Laughton of Bangor, Me——Harvard freshman crew defeats the Worcester high school crew on Lake Quinsigamond——Ex-Ambassador Bayard discusses political duties of American citizens——United States warships New York and Massachusetts anchored in Boston harbor——Fac-simile of the Bradford manuscript on exhibition in the Boston public library——Rhode Island general assembly adjourns to January, 1898——Big vinegar factory at Chicago burned——Important school question disturbing the town of Gorham, Me——Proceedings against the Prospect House in Warner, N. H., take an unexpected turn——Hudson, Mass., woolen mills obliged to double its capacity——Boston man gives $10,000 to the Dover, N. H., home for aged people——Albert King rearrested by federal authorities at Boston and released on bail.

Promotion of General Brooke.

Washington, May 25.—The nomination of Brigadier General John R. Brooke, commanding the department of Missouri, to be a major general, was prevented yesterday only by the early adjournment of the senate, and it is expected that it will not be delayed longer than today.

New Venture at Edgartown.

Edgartown, Mass., May 24.—Schooner Jennie Kruse of New London, Conn., arrived yesterday with the first cargo of seed oysters for the Calebs Pond Oyster Fishing company. This is a new venture here.

Four Men Killed.

Lowelltown, Me., May 26.—Yesterday morning, as the steam lumber mills at Caswell's, situated about a mile east of this station, were starting up, one of the boilers exploded, killing four men.

Cramps, Colic, Colds, Croup, Coughs, Toothache,

DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, and all BOWEL COMPLAINTS.

A Sure, Safe, Quick Cure for these troubles is

Pain Killer.

(PERRY DAVIS')

Used Internally and Externally.

Two Sizes, 25c. and 50c. bottles.

PORTE ASSENTS.

Peace Negotiations Will Be Conducted Through Powers.

Constantinople, May 28.—The porte has replied to the note of the powers, and consents to negotiations for peace, provided the Greek commanders first sign an armistice. As soon as this is done the government will negotiate as to the peace conditions with the ambassadors, and the treaty will be signed by the Turkish and Hellenic plenipotentiaries in Thessaly.

The Turkish government has given orders for the forwarding of 30 battalions from Syria, for service on the Servian and Bulgarian frontiers, and six transports sailed yesterday under sealed orders.

The immediate entourage of the sultan favors restoring Thessaly to Greece. The Turkish foreign minister has spoken on the subject in a conciliatory tone to Baron de Calice, the Austro-Hungarian ambassador, asking only a little delay in order that public excitement may subside.

On the other hand, the whole official and religious world, including Sheikh-Ul-Islam, denounces the idea of restoration, while every military measure points to retention. Even those who supposed that the sultan was manufacturing the excitement in order to exact better terms from the powers are beginning to think he has gone too far and lost control of the situation.

Russia does not conceal her extreme irritation at the German policy, which is so openly and persistently directed against Russia that many Turks accuse Germany of deliberately plotting to produce a rupture between the two countries.

More Favorable For Greece.

Athens, May 28.—The dispatches which the government has received from the representatives of Greece abroad all indicate that the peace negotiations have taken a turn more favorable to Greece. Turkey's proposal to occupy Thessaly no longer receives any consideration, owing to England's attitude, while the proposal to abolish the capitulations in the case of Greek subjects in Turkey is rejected and the suggested extradition treaty is apparently set aside.

The powers have fixed £6,000,000 as the highest limit of indemnity, and will allow only such a strategic alteration of the frontier as will not involve the subjection of any inhabited district to Turkish rule. Germany's demand for an international control of Greek finances has not been favorably received, as the government hopes to raise a loan abroad, on the guarantee of England, Russia and France, at low interest, to pay the indemnity, conceding certain revenues, but not accepting the principle of foreign control.

Weekly Crop Bulletin.

Boston, May 25.—The week just closed has been in the main characterized by weather conditions auspicious for vegetation. As a rule the nights were cool, but an abundance of warmth prevailed during the days, and thus all crops progressed in an acceptable manner. Lack of sunshine is mentioned from some localities, although generally it was ample. Frosts were frequent in the interior, and ice formed in places; the damage, however, was very slight.

The precipitation was very deficient in central Massachusetts and southwestern New Hampshire the total falls for the week were barely more than a few hundredths of an inch. Western Vermont and northern New Hampshire were favored by rains which were seasonable, though not heavy. The largest rainfalls occurred in extreme eastern Maine, but were less than one inch in amount. Thunder showers occurred on Thursday night, confined principally to southern and western sections. The need of rain is not as yet being severely felt.

Hon. Frederick M. Laughton Dead.

Bangor, Me., May 28.—Hon. Frederick M. Laughton died last night at the home of his father, Dr. Sumner N. Laughton, after a long sickness of Bright's disease, complicated with other ailments. Mr. Laughton was born in Foxcroft, May 3, 1841. He attended the Harvard law school, and was admitted to the Penobscot bar in 1866. In 1875 he was elected mayor of Bangor, being the first Democratic mayor of the city. He never was married, and lived with his father. He leaves a sister, Mrs. Frances L. Mace of Los Gatos, Cal., and a brother, Dr. Edward Sumner Laughton of Michigan. Mr. Laughton's mother died a year ago yesterday at the same hour.

A New Pest Found.

Boston, May 27.—Governor Wolcott sent a message to the house today calling attention to the information received from the board of agriculture in regard to the appearance of a new insect pest, and asking for a moderate appropriation from the state for purposes of extermination. It was referred to the committee in agriculture. Ought to pass was reported by the ways and means committee in the appropriation of $3000 for straightening the boundary line between this state and Rhode Island.

Newport Meets Requirements.

Bath, Me., May 28.—The new gunboat Newport had her official trial trip yesterday under the new standardized screw method. The 12 knots speed required under the contract was exceeded. A telegram was sent to the navy department that the trial was satisfactory and recommending that the Vicksburg be tried the same way, and she will probably be tried tomorrow. There is no bonus in the contracts for these two boats.

Rockefeller Against Sunday Labor.

Cleveland, May 24.—It is announced that John D. Rockefeller has issued an edict against Sunday labor by the men employed on his ore docks on the upper and lower lakes. While the men are expected to respond to calls to load or unload vessels at any hour of the day or night they will not be asked to work between midnight Saturday and midnight Sunday.

Another Bucketshop Gone.

New York, May 24.—The Herald says: One of the best known bucketshop wire systems in the country, that of Baldwin & Co. of Wall street, near William street, has been doing no business during the last four days, and neither of the members of the firm has been present to answer to inquiries of the many persons who have sought information.

IN HUB MARKETS.

Tendency of Butter Market Is Toward Higher Prices.

Demand For Product Is Stronger and More Confidence Is Shown—Cheese Drops a Little—Eggs Quiet—Other Products Unchanged.

Boston, May 27.—The butter market has an upward tendency. Prices in the West have been advanced under the influence of more active buying and the better quality of offerings, and the whole situation is decidedly stronger than last week. The demand here shows some improvement, but buyers are not disposed to follow the extreme prices asked, and it may be several days before the market will settle on a satisfactory trading basis.

The prevailing opinion among the trade here is that a sharp advance just at this time is a mistake, and that it would be better to let the market gain strength gradually, so as to get the butter into broader channels of consumption, but sellers in the country no doubt consider themselves justified in getting all they can for their offerings and in letting the future take care of itself.

There is every indication of a large make of butter this year in the West, the largest in the history of the trade, and New England and New York will not be behind last year. Cold storage facilities have been increased in all the trade centers, and there is some danger that more butter will be put away than can be disposed of later in the year at a profit.

This is considered an important time for butter makers and dealers, and there is always more or less difference of opinion about the policy to be pursued when grass stock is struck and the make exceeds the current consumption. Somebody has to take care of the surplus, and to take risks as to future values. Last year the bulk of the storage butter was secured at 15 to 16 cents per pound. Buyers this year are in hopes of getting supplies for a little less, as very little profit was made on last year's stock and for that reason are reluctant to operate on the basis of this week's Elgin quotation.

New Hampshire and Vermont creamery, in assorted size tubs, that was carried over from last week, was readily disposed of at 15½ to 16 cents, and fresh receipts were taken at 16½ cents, but when 17 cents was asked for very nice lots just received, buyers held off and thought they would wait till later in the week. From a close canvass of the market we think that 16 to 16½ cents was all that should be quoted as selling rate for the finest lots of Northern, in a wholesale way. Boxes and prints were in demand at about 1 cent more, say 17 to 17½ cents, though some could not be bought under 18 cents.

Jobbers make a higher rate for their customers, and started best creamery in tubs at 17 to 18 cents, and boxes at 18 to 19 cents. Some run as high as 20 cents for fancy brands, and did not have a large supply at that. Small buyers who have been waiting for grass butter need not wait any longer, as the receipts this week are coming in very fine. There may be more boxy to the make next week or the week after, but it is doubtful if they will be able to buy at a lower price for two or three weeks more.

Lower prices for cheese will have to be made this week, in sympathy with the decline in the country, and 9 to 10 cents is considered a full selling rate for new supplies. Receipts were kept up, and the market was bare of stocks. Small lots of fancy sold at 10½ cents. There is very little export demand.

The Canadian markets are ½ to ¾ cent lower than last week. Montreal on Saturday was dull at 9 to 9¼ cents. At Brockville, on the 20th, which appears to be the largest interior market, 7412 boxes were offered, and sales of about 6000 boxes were made at 8⅞ to 8⅞ cents. Some were held at 9 cents. Other interior markets sold at 8⅞ to 8 15-16 cents.

Eggs were quiet at 11½ cents for most of the best Western, with a few fancy marks at 12 cents, less off. Other Western sold at 11 cents. Eastern slow at 12 to 12½ cents. Receipts continue large. The stock in cold storage on Saturday was 89,450 cases, against 75,604 cases same time last year.

No material change in beans, potatoes, apples or other staple produce.

THE LIVE STOCK MARKET.

Sheep and lambs—Trade picked up on this stock considerably during the week. There were larger arrivals, slightly better demand, and the prices remained at a steady figure. The New York arrivals were nearly double those of last week, while Western and other states fell off nearly one-half. The stock sold readily at the same prices as last week in fair-sized lots, and with early clearances. Clipped sheep brought 3@ 3½ per lb; clipped lambs, 4@5c per lb; wooled sheep, 4@5c per lb.

Northern and Eastern beef cattle—The supply this week was no better than last, and, in fact, the stock is the smallest item on the market. There is but little demand, but what arrives at the market seems to find ready purchasers at fair prices. The main cattle trade, however, comes from the Western states and is received for export, no quotations being made on the market.

Western cattle—A good-sized consignment for export; none offered in the home market.

Veal calves—The supply fell off somewhat from last week, and with it the prices also took a slight drop. There was, however, a fair trade, and the stock went off well, although purchasers were not ready to pay so high prices.

Hogs—The usual good-sized consignment, and fair sales of dressed hogs at steady prices.

BOSTON PRODUCE MARKET.

Beef—Fresh beef is steady at firm quotations: Choice steers, 8½c; good steers, 8¼c; light and cows, 7¼@8c; extra heavy hinds, 11¼c; good hinds, 10½@11c; light hinds, 10c; heavy fores, 5½c; good, 5¼c; light fores, 5c; backs, 6½@7½c; rattles, 4@4½c.

Muttons and Lambs—Muttons and lambs continue quiet. Veals are easier: Lambs, springers, 12@20c; fall lambs, 7½@9c for good to choice; Brighton and fancy, 8½@9½c; fair to good, 7@8c; muttons, 5½@8c; yearlings, 4½@7½c; fancy, 7½@8c.

Corn—There is an easier market for corn, with the demand light: No. 2, yellow, to arrive, 34@34¼c; No. 3 yellow, 33@33½c; track steamer yellow, 34½@34½c; steamer mixed, 33¾@34c.

Hay—Hay is quiet, with straw unchanged: Ordinary hay, $12@15; choice, $17@18; rye straw, $15@16.

Pork—There is nothing new to note in pork and lard, the market being quiet but easy.

Doctor Fatally Injured.

Salem, Mass., May 27.—Dr. Nathaniel P. Allen, a well-known physician of Beverly Farms, was thrown from his carriage yesterday morning and probably fatally injured. Dr. Allen is 65 years old.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

New Advertisements.

NOTICE OF EXECUTRIX.

THE SUBSCRIBER having been appointed by the Hon. the Court of Probate of Newport, R. I., Executrix of the last will and testament of EDWARD NEWTON, late of said Newport, deceased, and having been qualified according to law, requests all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to present them to her, or file the same in the offic of the Clerk of said Court within six months from the date hereof, and those indebted to make payment to her.

MARTHA L. NEWTON, Executrix.

Newport, R. I., May 29th, 1897.

GUARDIAN'S NOTICE.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that it has been appointed by the Probate Court of the town of Tiverton, Guardian of the estate of ORMOND V. POTTER of said Tiverton, and has given bond according to law. All persons having claims against said ward are notified to present them, and all persons indebted to said ward to make payment to the undersigned within six months from this date.

RHODE ISLAND HOSPITAL TRUST COMPANY.

by H. J. WELLS, President.

Providence, R. I., May 3, 1897—5-29

GUARDIAN'S NOTICE.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that it has been appointed by the Probate Court of the town of Tiverton, Guardian of the estate of MARION E. POTTER of said Tiverton, and has given bond according to law. All persons having claims against said ward are notified to present them, and all persons indebted to said ward to make payment to the undersigned within six months from this date.

RHODE ISLAND HOSPITAL TRUST COMPANY.

by H. J. WELLS, President.

Providence, R. I., May 3, 1897—5-29

At the Court of Probate of the City of Newport, in Rhode Island, holden on Monday, the 17th day of May, A. D. 1897, at 10 o'clock A. M.

ON THE PETITIONS, in writing, of Ellen Kenny of Dublin, Ireland, presented this day, praying that Herbert L. Dyer and Simeon Hazard, both of said Newport, may be appointed Guardians of the estates in Rhode Island of

CHRISTOPHER KENNY, ANNE KENNY and MARY KENNY,

who are represented in said petitions as minors, under the age of fourteen years, residents of said Dublin.

It is ordered that the consideration of said petitions be referred to Monday, the 7th day of June, 1897, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the Probate Office in the City Hall, Newport, and that notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by advertisement in the *Newport Mercury*, once a week at least, for fourteen days.

WM. H. HAMMETT, Probate Clerk.

5 22

At the Court of Probate, of the City of Newport, in Rhode Island, holden on Monday, the 17th day of May, A. D. 1897, at 10 o'clock A. M.

ON THE PETITION, in writing, of Emily A. Friend of said Newport, presented this day, praying that an instrument in writing presented therewith, purporting to be the last will and testament of

SARAH P. FRIEND,

late of Newport, deceased, may be proved, approved, allowed and recorded, and that letters testamentary on the estate of said deceased may be granted to her, the Executrix named therein:

It is ordered that the consideration of said petition be referred to Monday, the 7th day of June, 1897, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the Probate Office in the City Hall, Newport, and that notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by advertisement in the *Newport Mercury*, once a week at least, for fourteen days.

WM. H. HAMMETT, Probate Clerk.

5 22

At the Court of Probate of the City of Newport, in Rhode Island, holden on Monday, the 17th day of May, A. D. 1897, at 10 o'clock A. M.

ON THE PETITION, in writing, of Mary Byrnes, Guardian of the persons and estates of

JOHN C. BYRNES, WILLIAM B. BYRNES and ANNIE FRANCES BYRNES,

and Margaret Byrnes Guardian of the persons and estates of

CHARLES BYRNES, MARTIN J. BYRNES and KATIE A. BYRNES,

all minors, of said Newport, presented this day, praying for leave to sell at public auction, the interest of said wards, in certain real estate situated in said Newport, and particularly described in said petition, for a better and more advantageous investment.

It is ordered that the consideration of said petition be referred to Monday, the 7th day of June, 1897, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the Probate Office in the City Hall, Newport, and that notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by advertisement in the *Newport Mercury* once a week, at least, for fourteen days.

WM. H. HAMMETT, Probate Clerk.

5 22

Court of Probate, Middletown, R. I., May 17, A. D. 1897.

PHILIP CASWELL presents to this Court his petition, in writing, representing that he resides and has a legal settlement in said Middletown, that he is a minor of the age of eighteen years; that Edward Newton, the former Guardian of his person has deceased, and that he has chosen Alexander N. Barker of the city of Newport, R. I., to be the Guardian of his person in the place and stead of said Edward Newton, and praying this Court to approve of his said choice of Guardian and to grant him letters of guardianship according to law.

It is ordered that the consideration of said petition be referred to the Court of Probate, to be held at the Town Hall, in said Middletown, on Monday, the 21st day of June next, A. D. 1897, at one o'clock P. M., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week at least, in the *Newport Mercury*.

ALBERT L. CHASE, Probate Clerk.

5-22

Court of Probate, Middletown, R. I., May 17, A. D. 1897.

DANIEL B. HAZARD and ISAAC S. HAZARD, the Administrators on the estate of

CHARLES H. HAZARD,

late of said Middletown, deceased, present to this Court their first and final account therewith, and thereon pray that said account may be examined, allowed and recorded.

It is ordered that the consideration of said account be referred to the Court of Probate to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on Monday, the 21st day of June next, A. D. 1897, at one o'clock P. M., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week at least, in the *Newport Mercury*.

ALBERT L. CHASE, Probate Clerk.

5-22

Court of Probate, Middletown, R. I., May 17, A. D. 1897.

LYMAN H. BARKER, the Guardian of the person and estate of

MARY L. WILLIAMS,

a person of full age, presents to this Court his first account with her said estate for examination and allowance.

It is ordered that the consideration of said account be referred to the Court of Probate to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on Monday, the 21st day of June next, A. D. 1897, at one o'clock P. M., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week at least, in the *Newport Mercury*.

ALBERT L. CHASE, Probate Clerk.

5-22

GUARDIAN'S NOTICE.

THE UNDERSIGNED has been appointed by the Court of Probate of the town of Middletown, R. I., Guardian of the person and estate of BENEDICT BARKER, a person of full age, residing in said Middletown, and has duly qualified as such Guardian by giving bond to said court. All persons having claims against the estate of said Benedict Barker, are hereby notified to present the same within six months from the date hereof, and those indebted thereto to make payment to the undersigned. CHARLES H. WARD, Guardian.

Middletown, R. I., May 24, 1897.—7

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

THE UNDERSIGNED has been appointed by the Court of Probate of Middletown, R. I., Administrator on the estate of MARIA SMITH, widow, late of said Middletown, deceased, and has duly qualified as such Administrator by giving bond to said court. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present them to the undersigned, or file the same in the office of the Clerk of said Court, within six months from the date hereof, and those indebted to said estate will make payment to the undersigned.

CHARLES H. WARD, Administrator.

Middletown, R. I., May 22, 1897.

GUARDIAN'S NOTICE.

THE UNDERSIGNED having been duly appointed by the Hon. Court of Probate of the City of Newport, Guardian of the estates of JOHN PATRICK FINN, LAWRENCE FINN, JOSEPH HENRY FINN, FRANCIS A. FINN, ANNIE FINN and MARY FINN, minors, of Newport, hereby gives notice to all persons having claims against said estates to present them within six months from the date hereof, and those indebted to make payment to her.

MARY FINN, Guardian.

Newport, R. I., April 21th, 1897.

THE BROWN STONE.

"Diamond Medal" Flour, $4.00

(A little more kneading and you have the whitest and sweetest bread possible to make, besides having a flour the most productive in the world.)

Every barrel sold on trial.

Elgin Creamery Butter, the best, per lb. 28c

Beans, N. Y. State, per qt. 8c

A most remarkably good Tea, Formosa or English Breakfast, per lb. 25c

Baker's Breakfast Cocoa, per half lb. 25c

Van Houten's Cocoa, per lb. 75c

California Prunes, 8c

Raisons, Loose Muscatel,

An elegant rich, sweet Wine, Port or Sherry, per gal. $1.00

Claret, Imported, per gal. 60c

BEADLESTON & WOERZ

"Imperial" Malt Beer,

A Spring Tonic, per dozen $1.00

P. H. HORGAN,

TELEPHONE. 224 THAMES STREET.

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Dates, Figs, Nuts, Raisins, Citron and Lemon Peel.

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New Figs, in one pound boxes.

APPLES, ORANGES, BANANAS, GRAPES,

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172 & 176 BROADWAY.

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10	Quart Dish Pan	35c
3	Quart Milk or Rice Boiler	75c
1	Quart Sauce Pans	15c
2	Quart Sauce Pans	18c
2½	Quart Sauce Pans	23c
3	Quart Sauce Pans	25c
3½	Quart Sauce Pans	30c
1½	Quart Preserving Kettles	23c
2	Quart Preserving Kettles	25c
2½	Quart Preserving Kettles	30c
3	Quart Preserving Kettles	35c
1	Quart Pudding Pans	15c
2	Quart Pudding Pans	18c
2½	Quart Pudding Pans	23c
3	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
3½	Quart Pudding Pans	30c
9	Inch Pie Plates	10c
3	Quart Coffee Pots	60c
3	Quart Tea Pots	60c
5	Quart Tea Kettle	85c
	Wash Basins	20c
	Drinking Cups	15c

The above goods are all guaranteed, and the Best Enameled Ware in the market.

Caswell, Massey & Co.

CHEMISTS,

New York and Newport

COD LIVER OIL

—WITH—

Pepsin and Quinine

FOR ALL LUNG DISEASES.

212 Thames Street, cor. Church

GUARDIAN'S NOTICE.

THE UNDERSIGNED having been duly appointed by the Hon. Court of Probate of the city of Newport, Guardian of the persons and estates of ANNIE FRANCES BYRNES, JOHN C. BYRNES and WILLIAM B. BYRNES, minors, of Newport, hereby gives notice to all persons having claims against said estates to present them within six months from the date hereof, and those indebted to make payment to her.

MARY BYRNES, Guardian.

Newport, R. I., May 8th, 1897.

John C. Sutton, of Denver, Col., spent all his money ($30,000) a few years ago in building a church in Denver, on condition that he should be allowed to live in the tower and be employed as sexton of the church.

Poetry.

On His Blindness.

BY JOHN MILTON.

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide;
"Doth God exact day labor, light denied?"
I fondly ask; but patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies: "God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best; his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

Selected Tale.

THE REWARD OF VIRTUE.

With all possible good intentions and sincerity, a man cannot reform among his own people. He is not taken seriously. His abstentions from deeds of vice are imputed to interested motives. Mankind at the club assembles and meets together to jeer at him; his brother laughs him to scorn; the woman mistrust him. Only many years can set him right with them—and a man does not like to wait. When he reforms, he wants to do it at once. He has no fancy for wearing the stained garb of sin until the sun of virtue shall bleach it white. He would don immediately the snowy robe, and be made welcome among the elect. Which may not be. If you mean to reform you must go away.

Lovat grew sick of the life he had led for ten years—ever since he had been a pretty boy of eighteen, who should have been learning useful things. It had not been such a very bad life, but it certainly had not been a good one. He tried to do right at home, and failed. Then he came to the States.

Now the States—if you except, perhaps, New York—is a place where there are neither towns nor temptations. Over all its broad prairies, where sleek steers browse and gentle convicts stray, there hangs an atmosphere of soft, pastoral virtue. There is also in the human heart a true, natural goodness learned from the unspoiled savage. There is no tittle-tattle, and a man is what he is, not what he has been. They know this in England, just as we in the States know that there is one fair-sized town in Australia, and that all the rest is "bush."

Lovat knew it, and he also knew that it was most true of Montana. That he was aware of the existence of Montana shows that his youth was not altogether wasted. His family had some land there. Of this family it must be said that nothing in England is better or older. Lovat is a name of such lustre that no bearer of it, whatever his behaviors, could tarnish it. It is also a rich family—very rich. Wilton Lovat was the younger son, but he had a decent fortune of his own. Therefore he could do pretty much as he pleased, and when he quarreled with his father and his allowance was stopped, he didn't care. His father argued with him persuasively: "Why the devil, if you want to reform, can't you stay here and do it?"

"Because a chap can't in his own town."

"He can, if he's any character."

"No he can't."

"I say he can. What do you suppose I did?" His voice subsided as he contemplated himself in the pleasant light of an example.

"You didn't reform; you only married."

Which happened to be so true that Lovat senior was unable to reply, save in the not uncommon parental fashion of answering the unanswerable, known in childhood as "getting even." He cut off the allowance, but graciously permitted his ungrateful son to dwell upon the Montana lands.

Wilton went at breeding racers, as is the custom of Montana. He had a log house on the ranch, and it was furnished with rough chairs and tables and bunks, and with many sorts of string instruments, and with pictures of his family, and some girls who had liked him, and of professional beauties who were not nearly so beautiful as his own sisters. For his family was handsome as well as of great repute and rich. There were also royal groups from "The Graphic," and "The Illustrated News" on his walls, and there were books in five different languages.

The change was not unpleasant. He looked after his stock, and played the musical instruments, and read the books in five languages for a twelvemonth. He decided that he was reformed then, and began to grow tired of being a patriarch over his own herds. Patriarchs, as he understood it, had wives and children. He had only horses, and they didn't take the place of society. He was fond of society. So he made the acquaintance of some of the officers at Keough. They gave him stag dinners in Miles City, and they entertained him at the post club, but they did not invite him to their houses. He did not meet their daughters nor their wives. An Englishman has to grow wise before he learns that this is a small world, and that the tight little isle is not too tight for rumors to escape from it—that the rumors, moreover, are frequently exaggerated. Lovat began to grow wise. At first he wondered, then he understood. He asked himself what, after all, is the reward of virtue; and he determined that it has none. There are those who hold otherwise, but the question is not yet settled. He was lonely, expatriated and homesick. He was also young and full of energy, and anxious to be met half way. But he could not travel the whole road alone. He turned and went back to where he had started from. There, at least, there was feminine companionship—of its kind. His vice was less gilded than of yore, but that was the fault of the country.

He threw over once and for all every hope of admission to the society of his equals in the garrison. The service is critical and jealous of its women. But he was still entertained by the men.

When it was too late to mend—for, copybooks to the contrary notwithstanding, it frequently is—he came to repent more heartily than ever before, aye! bitterly. He met and fell in love with Constance Chamberlain, as many another man has done and still does, though she is Mrs. Brookfield now. She was even prettier then than today, for she was very young, just eighteen.

Lovat knew her by sight, but he had never spoken to her or heard her speak—which was a harmonious treat—until he came upon her, one day, some five miles from the post. She had dismounted to lighten her saddle girths, and she was alone. How should Lovat have guessed that she had seen him coming ere she had slipped to the ground, and that she was purposely goading her placid black steed to be unmanageable? He came to her aid with an "Allow me to be of service," which she answered with a "You are very good, thank you."

"You should not be away off here alone, Miss Chamberlain," he said.

"I know it."

"It is not safe."

"I am tired of being safe." Her voice was sweet, low and unemotional. There was no suggestion in it of unfeminine rebellion. And Lovat, who had not heard the voice of a gentlewoman for many, many months, was pleased—well pleased.

"I trust you may never learn to know at most women do, what it means to be tired of not having been safe."

Then he mounted her and put the reins in her long, slender hands. He had seen no long, slender hands, either, in many, many months.

When he, too, was mounted, he raised his sombrero. "Good morning, Miss Chamberlain," he said.

But Miss Chamberlain had no mind that it should end thus. Her narrow black eyes looked at him innocently. "Weren't you going to town?"

Lovat hesitated.

"I know you were. Come."

"I—"

"Oh, if you don't want to, you needn't," she said, gently aggrieved. She was always gentle.

"Miss Chamberlain, You know it is not that."

"Then why don't you come?"

"Your father would not be pleased, to be quite frank."

"Wouldn't he? Why?"

Lovat looked at her searchingly. He suspected guile behind such unnatural innocence, but the sweet questioning of her saintlike face reassured him. He did not answer, but turned and rode with her. They talked of many things, for Miss Chamberlain was a clever and accomplished little person, and at last they spoke of music. Miss Chamberlain knew nothing of it.

"What a pity!" Lovat ejaculated.

"Why?" The word, so constantly on her lips, was a very cabalistic charm, and feminine.

"You look like one. You'd be perfect at a harp, you are so tall and so exceedingly slight, and you're the face of a St. Cecelia."

"Well, I'm not a musician and I'm not a saint. Saints never have black eyes."

But alas the thought now that they had, because of the soft voice and the picture face and the little chiselled features and the parted, low-knotted hair, and because he had known no woman like her for many, many months.

And before they parted, they had planned to meet again. She did it, but he didn't notice that. They met once and again, and yet again and again and Lovat was in love. Then, indeed, he truly regretted the barrier he had built between himself and this girl, who was innocently risking everything—perhaps her life, for her father was a very fiery man—for him. It had taken him only a dozen years to construct between himself and any good woman he really loved a wall that in all his days could never be razed. He decided finally that the only course that would be fair to her and easiest for all would be an open one.

They sat together on the shady side of a low hill late one day.

"Constance," he said, "I'm going to ask you father to let you marry me, if you are willing to."

The bright color faded from her cheeks.

"Don't say you aren't willing!" he cried.

She still said nothing whatever.

"Are you, Constance?"

"Yes."

"Then why did you get so pale?"

"I don't know. Did I?"

She cried a little, and said she was very happy and that she would marry him, even if her father would not consent. "But don't ask him till after the races, will you?"

"Two weeks! a whole fortnight! Why?"

"Because."

"Very well."

He did not see her again before the races. She sent him a note saying that she did not dare to meet him, that her father had forbidden the long rides alone. She would wear his colors at the track. For Lovat was to ride. So were several of the officers. It was a gentlemen's race. The cup was given by the garrison women.

Lovat won it. He and the officers went into Miles City to rejoice. Some were in a buckboard, some, with their wives, in the ambulances, most were on horseback. He rode with these latter and watched Miss Chamberlain, who was ahead on the road, riding with Lieutenant Garrett. She had not worn his colors, though, to be sure, she had worn none at all. Lovat had kept studiously away from the post women all day, but just once he had passed close to Constance.

"Will you meet me tomorrow at the old place, dear?" he said, quickly.

She did not raise her eyes or seem to notice him; but she answered, "Yes, Wilton, at four."

It happened that Lovat was riding beside Captain Chamberlain.

"Captain Chamberlain," he said, "as I have won the ladies' cup, do you think they would consent to baptize it for me?"

"Why, yes. I should think so."

"Then will you have the ambulances and Miss Chamberlain stop in front of Stewart's and I will send it out to them?"

So the ambulances stopped at Stewart's and the officers got out, but the women stayed in, and Miss Chamberlain and Garrett waited, too. Garrett was a temperance man and very good. Lovat filled the cup with champagne and sent it out with his compliments and thanks. He felt just a bit bitter as he did so. He watched Constance from an open window. She did not see him, and when the cup came to her she rejected it with disdain. She was playing to Garrett now. Lovat heard her say: "I don't drink wine, Mr. Garrett, more especially when it comes from a man like Mr. Lovat."

"Perhaps it's only a bluff," the Englishman tried to tell himself. He hoped so until the next day at four, when Constance and Garrett cantered by him as he waited at the trysting place, and Garrett raised his cap to him, but she ignored him, and laughed her low, pretty laugh as she said to the lieutenant, "What a serious British face he wears."

Before long even the men dropped Lovat. Still, they were sorry when he shot himself in the lonely ranch house one night. But Miss Chamberlain was secretly rather proud.—Gwendolin Overton, in the Argonaut.

All He Could Carry.

"I took the dough," said the gentleman who had been caught going through the clothes of a drunken man, "because I don't believe in no man a-havin' more than he needs."

"But how did you know that he did not need his money?"

"O' course he didn't need it. He was p'umb paralyzed."—[Indianapolis Journal.

Wifely Accomplishment.

Mrs. Commonstalk (soberly)—"Are you sure your fiance will make a good home body, Ely? Do you think she knows anything about mending, for instance?"

Cholly Commonstalk—"About mending, mother? Why, that is her very strongest point. I saw her mend a busted tire once in just fourteen minutes by the watch."—[Harper's Bazar.

Behavior is a mirror in which every one displays his own image.

The Busy Kitten.

7 a. m.—Got up and took a little exercise before breakfast. Mistress' work basket was on the mantelpiece. Didn't think it was in proper order, so tried to set it to rights, but didn't succeed somehow. The whole thing tumbled to the floor and the thread got all tangled around the chair legs. Gave it up as a bad job.

8 a. m.—Got hungry. Tired of waiting for the folks to come down, so helped myself to cream, which was not as thick as usual.

10 a. m.—Found my claws needed sharpening. Tried to do it on lace curtains, but the flimsy stuff came to pieces the moment I touched it.

11 a. m.—Time for my nap. Found a comfortable place on the top of a large clock. Moved the big vase that stood on top of it out of my way. It fell in the floor and made a terrible racket. Had a fine nap.

2 p. m.—Slept till way past dinner time. They would not give me a bite, so had to find a mouse.

3. p. m.—Succeeded; a fine fat fellow made me feel good.

4. p. m.—Saw my mother asleep in the sun. Climbed up a tree and jumped down on her just for fun. She didn't take it that way. Had to run and stay hidden for a long time.

6 p. m.—Saw a bird in the cherry tree that looked as if he had been made on purpose for my supper. Got him.

8 p. m.—Happy at last on this delightful roof. Shall sit here and sing all night long. M-i-a-o-w!—[San Francisco Call.

Her Position is Assured.

"I am at a loss to conceive what will become of my boy, Bennie," remarked Mr. Bloombummer, disconsolately.

"What is the trouble?" asked Trotter. "Does he manifest no aptitude for anything?"

"Not in the least; but I would not mind that so much if he would only learn something—but he doesn't. If I ask him a question his invariable answer is: 'I don't know.' It is the same way at school. His teacher tells me that his answers at examinations are nothing but long series of 'I don't know.' Don't you think it discouraging?"

"Not at all, my dear fellow. The fact is, your son Bennie's future is assured. He will be a man of wealth when he grows up, and you will be proud of him."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, don't you see that he is a natural-born officer of some great trust? I should not be surprised if he succeeds Mr. Havemeyer or Mr. Searles."—[Puck.

Entirely Too Local.

Maurice Barrymore was once in London with a new piece which he was anxious to have produced. He had read it to a manager, and it had been decided that he was to play the leading role. About a week after it was supposed to have been definitely settled, "Barry" received a note from the manager, asking him to call.

Barrymore called and the manager said: "I like the piece, old fellow, but I don't see how I can use you in the cast. Your beastly American dialect won't do at all, you know. They won't have it."

"Well, that's strange," said Barrymore; "they told me on the other side that they wouldn't have me on account of my beastly English dialect. What am I to do—give recitations on the transatlantic steamers?"—[San Francisco Argonaut.

Evidence of Insanity.

When it came to the cross-examination the witness who had testified that he believed the prisoner demented settled himself in anticipation of possible trouble.

"Have you any reason for wishing to send my client to a madhouse?" asked the lawyer.

"None," replied the witness.

"Well, what particular thing has he done that tended to convince you that he isn't in his right mind?"

"Well," said the witness slowly, "look at the fool he made of himself in selecting a lawyer."—[Chicago Post.

A Definition.

Mrs. Commonstalk (soberly). "Are you sure your fiance will make a good home body, Ely? Do you think she knows anything about mending, for instance?"

Cholly Commonstalk—"About mending, mother? Why, that is her very strongest point. I saw her mend a busted tire once in just fourteen minutes by the watch."

Discharged.

Officer—I found the man yelling and breaking dishes with an axe.

Magistrate—What have you to say for yourself?

Prisoner (humbly)—Your honor, I was only trying to keep the baby quiet. —[Tit-Bits.

A Possible Explanation.

Mr. Oldboy (soothing baby)—"There, there! I wonder what on earth makes the child cry so?"

Johnny Oldboy—"Well, pa, what else can you expect? He ain't old enough to swear, is he?"—Judge.

A detailed account has been given to the public by Professor C. H. Benjamin of the Case School of Applied Science at Cleveland, O., of his recent experiments in determining the loss of power through friction in the transmission by belts and shafting. These observations were made in sixteen factories, each engaged in a different kind of work. He records the most startling loss to have been found in a bridge material factory where the shops were spread over a lot of ground, 80 per cent of the engine's power being lost in the shafting there. In a planing mill the loss was 73 per cent, and in a sewing machine factory it was nearly 70 per cent; it was seventy-seven per cent in a stamping mill and 65 per cent in a boiler and machine works. The average loss for heavy machine shops was a little in excess of 62 per cent; the average for light machine work was about 55 per cent.

"There seems to be no other way," said the Sultan irritably. "These governments will keep worrying me with complaints and inquiries."

"What is Your Majesty's wish?"

"Tell the printer to get up a few hundred neat circulars with the words, 'What are you going to do about it?' printed in large type and sign my name to them with a rubber stamp."—Washington Star.

As Reported by the Papers—"Is that a good hen, Uncle Josh?" "A good hen?" said Uncle Josh. "Why, that'ar hen lays eggs as big as hailstun's."—Detroit Free Press.

"Sir, allow me to shake hands with you, just by the way of showing that I know somebody here." "With pleasure, sir, as I am in precisely the same boat as yourself."—Clips.







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The Old Sergeant of the Regular Army.

The characters reproduced from the recollection of army life for many years are typical and were once, and are today, found in every regiment in the army. Moreover, there is a character who is a study alone, all generals—the old sergeant. Discipline and a stickler for discipline that he may maintain his own dignity, he never forgets the respect due his superior officers, though he may, as he often does, so thoroughly influence the captain or lieutenant as to all intents and purposes command him as much as if in control by special orders from the war department.

In no instance is this seductive respect so manifest as when a raw young lieutenant just out of West Point is given command of a scout with a veteran sergeant in charge of the detail. The lieutenant is made to believe he is in command, that he maps out the day's march and selects the camp, but it is at such suggestions as these:

"Did I understand," says the sergeant, very insinuatingly at reveille, "the lieutenant to say he would march to the Huerfano to-day? There is good water there, as the lieutenant knows, and good wood at hand."

"Yes," returns the lieutenant, "we will march to the Huerfano today. There is good water, camping ground and—and—grazing there."

"Yes, good grazing," rejoins the sergeant—and the march mapped out by the lieutenant is begun to the sound of the bugle. [Chicago Times-Herald.

McKinley and Senator Mason.

President McKinley really likes to see Senator Mason. Not long ago the President asked Senator Mason to tell one of his stories. The Senator responded by telling a story which convulsed the President with laughter. It illustrated the fact that the pie which the President had to distribute won't go round by a long odds. It was th's:

Pat McCarthy gave a dinner, to which he invited three or four of his neighbors. Pat had allowed his wife to cook only one chicken. When dinner was served Pat took possession of the carving knife, and in a most hospitable tone said to Mrs. Dugan:

"What part of thot fowl will yez have?"

"A leg if yez plase," was the answer.

"An' what part will yez have? Would yez loike some av ther white?" Pat inquired of Mrs. O'Hooligan.

"An' a leg will do me," she answered. As each answered, the part of the fowl she desired was given her.

"What part will yez have, Moike Walsh?" Pat blandly inquired of his neighbor.

"Oi balave Oi will take a leg, too," said Moike in his most modest way, wishing to follow in the footsteps of the rest of the company.

"Begorra," said Pat to Mickey, "what does yez think Oi'm carving—a spider?"—Washington Star.

Will From a Grave.

After lying in a man's coffin for more than thirty years, a will has been exhumed at Leavenworth, Kan., the terms of which are likely to increase troublesome litigation among the heirs of the man who had the document buried with him.

Jacob Kissingen was the man. The will was found by accident, because when Kissingen died, although a will was believed to have been made, nobody could find it. So the heirs went to law and have been at it for three decades.

A few days ago a dispute arose which could be cleared up by the family Bible. The grave was opened and the book taken out. It was in a good state of preservation, and, when opened, to the surprise of everybody disclosed a will. By the terms of the document found in the grave the property of Kissingen is divided equally between five children one of them residing in Germany, and born of Kissingen's first wife. This is where the new trouble began. None of the four American heirs ever heard of the father's first marriage.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Superior Self-Control.

A good story is told of a dog that one day discovered an organ-grinder's monkey seated upon a bank within his master's grounds, and at once made a rush for it. The monkey, which was attired in jacket and hat, awaited the onset in tranquility so undisturbed that the dog halted within a few feet of it to reconnoiter. The animals took a long stare at each other, but the dog evidently was recovering from his surprise, and was about to make a spring for the intruder, when the monkey raised his paw and saluted by lifting his hat. The effect was magical. The dog's head and tail dropped, and he sneaked off to the house, refusing to leave it until his polite but mysterious visitor had departed.—London Times.

"Your father has an idea that you are going to marry a worthless, good-for-nothing fellow, but aha! I will fool him!"

"Gracious! You are not going to break off the engagement, are you?"—[Life.

Jeweler (to burglar)—So I've caught you neatly, haven't I? What do you want?

Burglar—I reckon what I want now's a good lawyer to get me hoff.—[Judy.

Miss Gush—Count, I don't see what Europeans can find to admire so much in Americans.

The Count—Why, you're as good as gold.—[Twinkles.

"What's a fishing rod?" "It's a handsome jointed arrangement your father holds out over the water." "What's a fishing pole?" "It's a long wooden stick your Uncle Bill catches fish with."—Chicago Record.

THE BEST HAND.

It Was Held by an Outsider, and It Beat an "Ace Full."

"Say," said the drug clerk to his friend at the soda water fountain, "I ran against a play last night that made me think that I was the unluckiest man that ever drew a card."

"What was it?" asked the man at the fountain.

"Why, I had an ace full beat by another full. I'll tell you how it happened. You know we have a quiet little game over here on Dearborn street nearly every Saturday night. Well, last night we got into a five handed game. There were Julius, a chattel mortgage man, in whose office we were playing; a real estate man, a clerk for a bicycle firm, a lawyer and myself. Well, it was a small game—2 cent ante and a 50 cent limit. Along about 12 o'clock I opened the pot on a pair of aces. The lawyer raised me half a dollar, and Julius stood the raise. Of course I had to stand it too. I was the first to draw cards. I drew three cards. I thought I was pretty lucky when I picked up an ace and a pair of tens, making me an ace full. The lawyer, who had raised me on three queens, drew down to his hand and caught a pair of sevens, which made him a queen full. Julius asked for one card and made a spade flush.

"Well, I bet a check on the go, the lawyer raised me another half dollar, Julius called the raise and I raised back. We raised each other till we got about $7 in the pot. Just then the janitor of the building appeared on the scene. He had been out attending a wedding and happened in at this rather unseasonable hour. He was pretty well loaded with some kind of Scandinavian wine. He was good and ugly. It was a great surprise to him to see a game of cards going on in the building over which he had control, and he knew that if the facts ever came to the ears of the owner of the building there would be a janitor looking for a job.

"Now, what do you suppose that fellow did? Why, he just walked over to that table, kicked it over and sent the cards and chips flying in all directions. Then he told us to get out, and to do it quickly; that he would call the police and have us pinched.

"We got out and hunted up a small room in a hotel to continue the game. When we got settled down again, I made a kick for the pot on the last hand. I told the boys that I had an ace full and that there wasn't another full could beat it. But old Julius spoke up and said: "Oh, yes, there was. Vat do you t'ink of a janitor full?"—Chicago Tribune.

Chances For Success in Large Cities.

In solving "Problems of Young Men" Edward W. Bok, in The Ladies' Home Journal, replying to an inquirer, contends that opportunities for promotion (in business) are more numerous in large cities than in smaller communities, but they are not better. "There are more chances in the larger cities, but likewise there are more applicants for the chances. Salaries may be higher in the centers, but so, too, is the cost of living. Things always equalize themselves. To my way of thinking, a moderate business success in a small community means more to a man in point of living and absolute satisfaction than a greater success in a larger city."



Father Time has to halt when he meets a woman who knows how to take care of her health. Time can't make her seem old.

She may be the mother of a family; that makes no difference. She is bound to be young because her heart is young and there is rich, young blood circulating in her veins. She doesn't need cosmetics and face-powders and skin-preservers. Pure blood is the only true skin preserver.

But when a woman's blood is full of bilious impurities, she can neither look young nor feel young. Her whole constitution is poisoned with bad blood. It permeates every part. It paralyzes the nerve-centres; weakens the stomach; irritates the heart, preys upon the lungs and bronchial tubes.

It reduces a woman to a state of weakness, nervousness, irritability, dejection and melancholy. Such a woman can't possibly be youthful, no matter what her age may be. She needs the youthfulness of highly vitalized blood. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will give it to her. It will help any woman to get back her youth and freshness again.

It gives the digestive and blood-making organs the full power to produce good, pure, healthy blood. It gives color to the cheeks, and sparkle to the eyes; drives away pimples and blotches; wipes away wrinkles; rounds out emaciated forms, and creates firm, natural, healthy flesh.

Mrs. Rebecca F. Gardner, of Grafton, York Co., Va., writes: "When I was married I weighed 125 pounds. I was taken sick and it ruined my health and broke out with a disease which my doctor said was eczema. He treated my disease but failed to do me any good, and I fell away to 90 pounds. I began using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and thank God and you, I began to improve. Now I weigh 140 pounds and have only taken two bottles. I cannot say too much about the medicine. My husband says I look younger than I did the first time he saw me 15 years ago."

MILLIONS IN BUTTONS

CATCHES MADE OF COSTLY DIAMONDS IN THE DAYS OF LOUIS XIV.

An Inventory That Reads Like a Fairy Tale—The Ridiculous Mania For Gigantic Buttons in the Eighteenth Century. Collectors Pay High Prices.

Recently at the Hotel Drouet there was a sale of a curious and interesting collection of ancient buttons, the property of Baron Pichgiman of Paris. This collection, which was exhibited in 1889 at the exposition of decorative arts, might rival any one of those belonging to the most enthusiastic buttonists in the world. Chipisson, the musician, collected 7,760 different specimens. In 1849 a collector in Ghent exhibited more than 30,000, and M. Malgaien, the librarian of the Grenoble library, gained a certain reputation in this branch of curiosities through his collection of buttons of liveries and of uniforms.

The buttons of the eighteenth century bring high prices in the market at the present time. There are some of them that Fragonard, we are told, decorated with his marvelous pencil. In his time it was fashionable to make presents of buttons as big as a crown piece, on which allegories and various subjects were carved.

Bachaumont writes in his "Secret Memoirs," Nov. 18, 1780: "The mania for buttons is today extremely ridiculous. They are not only of enormous size, some of them as big as six pound crowns, but miniatures and pictures are made upon them, and this ornamentation is extremely costly. Some of them represent the medals of the 12 Cæsars, others antique statues and still others the Metamorphoses of Ovid."

Isabey, in his biographical notes, says that when he came to Paris he worked for a living by making copies of Vanloos and Bouchers on the lids of snuff-boxes, and that for these medallions he was paid from 6 to 8 francs each. "As it was still the fashion," he said, "to wear buttons as big as a 6 franc piece, upon which Cupids, flowers and landscapes were cut in cameo, I went into that business. I got 12 sous for each."

Two years after this period in the life of Bachaumont buttons abandoned erudition to take up child's play. All the fine monuments of Paris were carved on them. Then came the patriotic buttons, representing the taking of the Bastille, the emblem of the three orders, the Phrygian cap, the portraits of Louis XVI, of Mirabeau.

Shortly afterward these ornaments were laid aside. The reign of the artistic button was over, and the mother of pearl button became general.

The oldest buttons at present in the museums and among the collections are the gold buttons discovered at Mycenæ, at the time of the excavations undertaken by Dr. Schliemann, and also those found in the tomb of Childeric I. The latter were exhibited at the Louvre in the Musee des Souverains. They are made of gold and of colored glass, imitating garnet. Buttons detached from copes and religious garments of the middle ages and of the renaissance have also been discovered.

But the richest things of the kind, beyond a doubt, are those that were worn by Louis XIV. M. Maze-Sencier, in the "Register of Diamonds and Presents to the King," at present preserved in the ministry of foreign affairs, gives an official account of the buttons of that pompous sovereign. It is as follows:

"Feb. 8, 1685.—Montarcy presented to the king 80 diamond buttons, valued at 180,080 livres.

"May 7, 1685.—Made and delivered by Sieur Bosc, 6 diamond buttons, 80,000 livres.

"July 26, 1685.—Handed over by Montarcy to the Marquis de Seignelay for the king 75 diamond buttons, 586,703 livres.

"Aug. 1, 1685.—Two diamond buttons, 67,866 livres.

"Aug. 16, 1685.—Three diamond buttons, 69,600 livres.

"Dec. 20, 1685.—Four diamond buttons, 83,775 livres."

Another item in the same year:

"July 26, 1685.—Furnished by Montarcy for the king's vest: Forty-eight gold buttons, each set with a diamond, and 96 clasps, 48 of which were composed of five diamonds each and 48 of one diamond each, 185,128 livres.

"Also 384 clasps for the doublet of the king, 192 of which were formed of five diamonds each and 192 of one diamond each, 1,006,345 livres.

"In addition there were seven ornamental clasps of three diamonds each, 201,270 livres.

"Sundry presents, 38 ornamented clasps, 574,366 livres."

That foots up a total of about 8,000,000 livres for the buttons of the "Great King" for the single year of 1685. The preceding year Louis XIV received a lot of buttons that were valued at 1,071,000 livres. In these enumerations there is no mention of the diamonds for the shoes, the garters, the cuffs and the hats of the monarch.

We are obliged to admit, with our coats and overcoats garnished with miserable little cloth and tape affairs, we cut a poor figure in the fancy button business compared to the dudes of the days of Louis XIV.—Paris Figaro.

Bagpipes in New Guinea.

Mr. Angus MacKenzie, an old miner well known as a prospector in northern Queensland, Australia, recently arrived from New Guinea with a large quantity of gold and thinks there is a great advantage in being a Scotchman. When he left for New Guinea, he took bagpipes with him, and to their agency he attributes much of the luck which fell to his lot while prospecting for gold. He said that the natives would do anything for him, providing he played the pipes to them at night. They looked after him and his effects and acted as porters without other pay than the music of the pipes. They took him over new country and showed him where heavy gold could be obtained. It is possible that intending prospectors in New Guinea might lay out their money to worse advantage than in the purchase of bagpipes. In any case, Mr. MacKenzie regards the pipes as the best and most judicious investment he ever made.—New York Sun.

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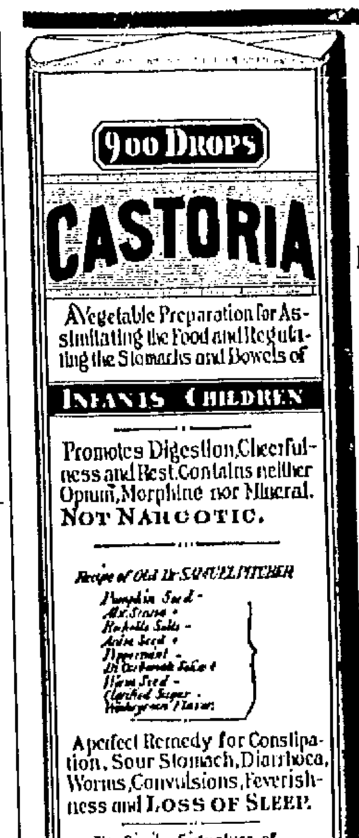
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ANOTHER GREENLAND.

Explorer Borchgrevink's Firm Belief In an Antarctic Continent.

In The Strand Magazine C. E. Borchgrevink reviews briefly the results of his visit to South Victoria Land in 1895. He says:

"In my opinion the great southern continent is the Greenland of the south, with just as many possibilities. I do fully believe that hitherto unknown animal life will be found on South Victoria Land. Captain Larsen on the whaler Jason brought back petrified wood from Graham Land, south of Cape Horn, which fact, of course, proves great climatic changes in those regions during succeeding periods. As our knowledge of the great southern continent now stands, we must believe it really to be a continent, and not a mere accumulation of islands, as well from the appearance of the land, as it has been sighted nearly all round, as also from sea soundings, and last, but not least, from the nature of those specimens of rocks which I brought back with me from Victoria Land. If it is all land, it is probably of an area twice the size of Australia.

"Already the first sight of Victoria Land convinces one that it is of volcanic origin. The volcanoes of Victoria Land show a tendency to follow the same line. From Mount Sabine to Mount Melbourne the trend is south-southwesterly. Mount Erebus and Mount Terror lie almost due south of Mount Sabine. Farther north from Mount Sabine the great earth fold, on the septum of which this chain of volcanoes is situated, probably bends a little westward, as shown partly by the surroundings, partly by the position of Balleny island. Northwest of Balleny island the great fold trends perhaps to the knotting point between the Tasmanian axis of folding and that of New Zealand, the former, perhaps, running through Royal Company island, and the latter through or near Auckland island and Macquarie island. The knotting point would probably be somewhere (approximately) near the intersection of the sixtieth parallel of south latitude with the one hundred and fiftieth meridian of longitude east from Greenwich. It would just join the line of extinct volcanoes along east Australia on the west, and, perhaps, the active volcanic zone of the North island of New Zealand, or, at all events, the fold which bounds that continent on the east.

"Traced in the opposite direction, the volcanic zone probably runs through Seal islands, the active volcanoes of Christensen and Sarsee, and through Mount Haddington, an extinct volcano in Trinity Land, to Paulet and Bridgman islands, active volcanoes."

FINEST PARK IN THE WORLD.

What John Burroughs and Others Say of the Rock Creek Reservation.

In his entertaining book "Wake Robin," and in the chapter entitled "Spring at the Capital" (pages 165-166), John Burroughs says: "Outside of the city limits the great point of interest to the rambler and lover of nature is the Rock creek region. Rock creek is a large, rough, rapid stream which has its source in the interior of Maryland and flows into the Potomac between Washington and Georgetown. Its course for five or six miles out of Washington is marked by great diversity of scenery. Flowing in a deep valley, which now and then becomes a wild gorge with overhanging rocks and high, precipitous headlands, for the most part wooded—here reposing in long, dark reaches, there sweeping and hurrying around a certain bend or over a rocky bed; receiving at short intervals small runs and spring rivulets, which open up vistas and outlooks to the right and left of the most charming description—Rock creek has an abundance of all the elements that make up not only pleasing but wild and rugged scenery. There is perhaps not another city in the Union that has on its very threshold so much natural beauty and grandeur, such as men seek for in remote forests and mountains. A few touches of art would convert this whole region, extending from Georgetown to what is known as Crystal springs, not more than two miles from the present state department, into a park unequaled by anything in the world. There are passages between these two points as wild and savage and apparently as remote from civilization as anything one meets with in the mountain sources of the Hudson or the Delaware."—"Life and Light."

A Story of the Petersburg Mine.

General Horace Porter tells the following anecdote of the explosion of the Petersburg mine in his "Campaigning With Grant," in The Century: A surgeon told us a story, one of the many echoes of the mine affair, about a prisoner who had been dug out of the crater and carried to one of our field hospitals. Although his eyes were bunged and his face covered with bruises, he was in an astonishingly amiable frame of mind and looked like a pugilistic hero of the prize ring coming up smiling in the twenty-seventh round. He said: "I'll jest bet yer that after this I'll be the most unpopular man in my regiment. You see, I appeared to get started a little earlier than the other boys that had taken passage with me aboard that volcano, and as I was comin down I met the rest of 'em a-goin up, and they looked as if they had kind o' soured on me and yelled after me, 'Straggler!'"

BRONCHITIS

The inflammation, soreness, cough, purulent discharges, alteration of voice and weakness which accompany this disease find immediate help in

ANGIER'S PETROLEUM EMULSION

It possesses a special power to promptly allay the inflammation, relieve the harassing cough, cleanse the poisoned membranes and strengthen the weakened nerves. Unlike Cod-Liver Oil compounds, it is perfectly agreeable to take, promptly digested, and assists stomach and bowel action.

Druggists 50c. and $1.00. Pamphlet mailed free. ANGIER CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON.

"LYKENS VALLEY" COAL,

NOW DISCHARGING BY

GARDINER B. REYNOLDS & Co

TWO CARGOES LYKENS VALLEY and "CORBIN" RED ASH.

COAL!

Stove and Chestnut Sizes.

Woman's Dep't.

"Stick, Dig, and Save."

A few months before her decease, Lucy Stone cut from the Philadelphia Ledger an address wherein Hon Chauncey M. Depew counselled young men and women how to achieve success. The advice so commended itself to her that she sent it to some young friends, saying: "When you have read Mr. Depew's good speech, please return it. I want it for my nieces."

Let every young reader of our paper heed it for her sake. After commending Principal Peirce's "every-time-get-there energy, and resistless determination to accomplish the result," Mr. Depew turned to the graduates, and said:

The true success in life is in those elements which enable you to be of some use to yourself and of some use to your time. It is in the elements which make you loved and sought by your environment at home, in the church, in the community and in the shop. Every young man who has put into the bank at the end of the year a little saving has done something towards the commencement of a career. Every man who has purchased and owns a home in which he lives, and has secured an income by which he can live in it, no matter how frugally or how economically he has to live, that man is already a success. The rest is simply so much surplusage.

As to what constitutes happiness in the world, that is a matter of contentment; that is a matter of conscience; that is a matter of the right view of one's position and of one's duties in life.

Now, I have but one rule, and I formulated it some years ago, to give to those who hope to succeed in the world, and that is, "Stick, dig, and save."

When Andrew Johnson suddenly changed his politics, and the fear was imminent that he intended to revolutionize the Government, he wanted to remove from office the great Secretary of War, Edwin M. Stanton. Everybody felt that Stanton was the citadel of nationality with so erratic a President. Charles Sumner framed a message and sent it from the Senate of the United States, and immortalized a common English word, and that sentence was, "Stanton, stick." Now, having settled upon your vocation in life and decided what it shall be, don't doubt about it, don't be changing around, but stick. Take a little time to ascertain what your special talent and special bent is. One man may be a good lawyer and a poor preacher, and one man may be a good mechanic and a poor storekeeper. There is nothing in this world which is so cheap as a misfit. You go into a clothing store, and the proprietor will present to you a garment that has in it the best goods and the dearest he possesses. It is made by his most skilful workmen in every department, but he offers it to you at one-quarter what he does anything which he will make for you, because it is a misfit. And a misfit, no matter how expensive or costly, is cheap. So look out at the start that you have not made a misfit. It is pretty soon discovered. A misfit doesn't come in one department or another department of the same business. The businesses upon which we may enter can be easily divided into the professions and the practical pursuits of life outside of the professions; they can be divided into work which is done indoors and work which is done out of doors. Some men thrive inside with the thermometer at 90, and others thrive outside with the thermometer at zero.

Dig hard and keep at it. There is another rule, and that is dig. Most young men think it is infra dig, to dig. The classical scholars will no doubt understand that. The great curse of the young men of the country is that they formulated their relations to their business thus: "I am hired to do such work. I am paid so much to do it. That is a great deal less than I am worth. I will do just what I am compelled to do and am paid to do, and not one thing more." The young man who enters business with that idea never rises. Of course, your employer cares nothing for you. Discount that. Of course the man at the head of your department cares nothing for you. Discount that. Of course, the man at the head of your bureau cares nothing for you. Discount that.

They have met with so many worthless men who have come along, that they get to think that all men are alike, and that they are pawns upon the chess-board. It is unfortunate that they cease to have any human interest in them. Of ten men in a store, young men all of the same age, nine of them will arrive at the store exactly on time or a little late in the morning. Nine of them, when it comes to 3 or 4 or 5 or 6 o'clock, or whatever may be the closing hour, will have had their eyes for the last half-hour glued on the clock. Nine of them will be constantly making excuses of sickness or of one thing or another to go to a baseball match or a regatta or a football exhibition. There will be one man of the ten who will be at the store before it is opened. If the porter is sick he will open it and sweep it out and light the fires himself, if that is necessary to be done. If there is any work to do when the store or shop closes, he stays there until it is done.

If a brother clerk falls by the way or is sick, he stops over and does the work of his desk. He soon has the attention called to him of his employer or his superior. He does not have the sympathy, he does not have the affection, but he has the attention called to him. In every store or business there are emergencies when an alert, intelligent, honest and capable man is needed. If there is a vacancy occurring higher up, the hand of the employer goes out and he says to this young man, "I want you to go there." It is not because he has any sympathy with him or any affection for him, but it is because, of the ten men, he has only one that fill the requirement of that position.

Save and keep saving. Now, then, saving. Whenever I have talked to young men on the duty of saving, my newspaper friends have come out afterwards and said: "Mr. Depew, you are preaching the doctrine of sordidness." Well, I have no respect for a man who is not sordid enough to save for his family in his old age. You say it is hard to save. That depends upon how many cigars and cigarettes you smoke. It depends upon how many beers you drink. It depends upon how often you are in the saloon playing pool and drinking at the bar. Any man whose habits are right, whose health is good, who can work, can save. It is astonishing how money grows. It has been my habit for the twenty-seven years I have been with the New York Central Railroad, during all that period as its counsel, to have all departments of the road come in touch with me. Every once in a while during the whole of that period these men would state to me their condition and want advice. I don't know why I should be able to give advice any better than anybody else. But if you practice d ing anything, you get handy at it. I recall now two men whom I have met—and I won't locate them in the New York Central, because anybody I should mention in the New York Central would be known—but two men came to me twenty years ago for advice. They were getting the same salary. They had very much the same kind of positions and the same opportunities in life. I said to both of them: "The time has come when you should begin to save. You have families. You may die at any moment and your families would be left without a dollar. That is a calamity whose horrors no tongue can describe, especially a young and helpless family. You will grow old, and when you grow old the service wants you no longer and you are laid aside useless." They said, "How can we save?" I said, "By making a rule that you will, no matter at what sacrifice, cut down your expenses so that within a certain time you will bring me a thousand dollars." One of them followed it, and today the income from his investments is the same as his salary, and he can live on it. The other one, as his salary increased, increased his methods of living, went into a more fashionable neighborhood, went more frequently to the theatre, had a craving for society, began to give pretty little dinners with champagne and what not, sported a carriage; and today one, as I have stated, looks serenely upon old age, which is upon him, because he has enough to carry him comfortably through without care and without anxiety, with enough to leave his loved ones in comfort; while the other is in despair for fear the axe may fall on account of age and incompetency, and he will beat the mercy of a heartless world.

LAND OF THE SKY.

The Charms of Asheville and Biltmore. Tennessee Centennial Exposition.

There are no more beautiful or delectable resorts in America, at all times of the year, than Asheville and Biltmore, situated upon the lofty crests of the Blue Ridge Mountains, in western North Carolina, in the fabled "Land of the Sky."

Ever since the charms of this wonderful and most fascinating region became known to the traveling public, it has been the Mecca of all who love to dwell in the choice abodes of nature. And nature has indeed been exceedingly generous in the bestowal of her gifts in respect to the "Land of the Sky." Never was a country blessed with a more salubrious or equable climate; never was a country invested with such lovely, romantic and chaste scenery, as this marvelous region of the Southland. Sweeping with the eyes the vast expanse of nature on every hand, the grandeur of the creation—of the growth and embellishment of cosmic life, rises up and unfolds before enraptured vision with imperial splendor, displaying scene of rarest virtue and enchantment.

Through the mountain ranges of the "Land of the Sky," the devious course of the beautiful French Broad River marks a succession of glorious vistas of cosmic life. The high-walled canons, or the tree-clad peaks standing sentinel on either hand form a wonderful setting to this sparkling river as it flows onward toward the sea.

The three famous resorts to the "Land of the Sky" are Asheville, Biltmore and Hot Springs. These may be considered separately:

Asheville is an enterprising city, nestling amid the imperial ranges that mark the "Land of the Sky," and has all the indicia of a live and progressive municipality. It is distinctly a resort city, and is graced with numerous palatial villas, tasteful cottages and grand hotels. Its streets are romantic, tree-shade drives winding about in the most picturesque fashion, and in the pretty park adjacent are the handsome homes of the favored inhabitants. The climate is singularly pure, dry and bracing, and possesses to a remarkable degree the qualities which tend to promote health and pleasure. The number of clear days is very high for the average year. In winter the climate is very mild, yet extremely bracing. In summer the charm of outdoor life is inexpressible.

The air is warm and genial, yet not oppressive, on account of dryness, and the nights are delightfully cool and conducive to restfulness and sweet repose. The great resort hotel at Asheville is the Battery Park—a magnificent home which exemplifies the highest degree of luxury and good taste. No words of commendation are needed for this famous house, standing proudly upon a noble eminence, of its sumptuous furnishings, or of its peerless cuisine or service. The fame of the house is world-wide.

Biltmore. This place is some two miles from Asheville, and partakes of the same general character, in respect to scenery, climate and general attractions. But the place takes its name from the imperial chateau of Mr. George W. Vanderbilt, the most magnificent palace in America—a veritable rival of the royal abodes of the Old World. The splendid gardens and the great farm adjacent to the castle at Biltmore are worthy of a journey of many miles to see. At Biltmore is a palatial hotel, entirely in keeping with the place, known as the Kenilworth Inn, an ideal place of abode, and the resort of the best people of the land. The equipment, cuisine and service of this now famous house are equal to the best high class city hotels. And no effort is spared to maintain the standard of excellence in every respect.

Hot Springs. Situated in a charming plain in the midst of a vast wilderness not far from Asheville—and surrounded by the most beautiful peaks, is the little city of Hot Springs. There is the Mountain Park Hotel, a charming home for the health or pleasure seeker, and a most excellent sanitarium, where the waters of the wonderful thermal springs are administered with the most excellent results. The route is via the Southern Railway, with splendidly arranged and magnificently appointed through car service. Pullman Drawing-room sleeping cars between New York, Washington and Nashville—where the Tennessee Centennial Exposition is now in progress—through the "Land of the Sky"—Knoxville and Chattanooga—Lookout Mountain, the scene of the "Battle Above the Clouds." The Norfolk and Chattanooga Limited, daily, between Norfolk, Raleigh, Durham, Greensboro, Salisbury (with connection from New York, Washington and Virginia), and Nashville, through Asheville, Hot Springs, Knoxville and Chattanooga. This train carries Pullman's finest Drawing-room Buffet sleeping cars between Norfolk and Nashville, and elegant vestibuled day coaches between Norfolk and Chattanooga. Pullman Drawing room sleeping cars are also operated between Jacksonville and Cincinnati through Savannah, Columbia, Spartanburg, Asheville, Knoxville and Harriman Junction.

Visitors to the Tennessee Centennial Exposition at Nashville will find a visit to Asheville or vicinity most delightful and valuable. The Southern Railway now has in press its annual "Summer Homes and Resorts" folder, containing a full list of the many delightful resorts, hotels, and summer homes on its line, which will be mailed by the General Passenger Agent or New York Office 271 Broadway on receipt of postage—two cents.

Author—"Mary, I've made a mistake in my calling—I'm not an author, but a born chemist." Author's Wife—"What makes you think that, Horace?" Author—"Well every book I write becomes a drug on the market."—Tit-Bits.

Bits of Information.

The first fire engine used in this country was brought from England to New York in 1731.

It takes 72,000 tons of paper to make the postal cards used in the United States each year.

A fact worth recording is that the female employees of many German factories are forbidden to wear corsets during working hours.

The Japanese language is said to contain 60,000 words, a symbol for each being required. A well-educated Japanese is familiar with about 10,000 of these symbols.

The most powerful guns now made fire a shot from twelve to thirteen miles, and Krupp's great 130 ton steel gun hurled a shot weighing 2600 pounds a few yards over fifteen miles.

A Georgia marble man says that if all the houses, not only in the United States, but on the American continent, were destroyed, so inexhaustible is the supply that they could every one, large and small, be rebuilt out of Georgia marble.

There are more ants to the square mile in Florida than in any other country in the world. There are ants that will measure more than half an inch in length, and then there are ants so small that they can scarcely be seen to move with the unaided eye.

It is the testimony of almost all captains of the ocean-going liners that children are rarely if ever seasick—a fact that ought to prove of some suggestive therapeutic value to those who attempt to prescribe remedies for this dreaded but apparently inevitable affliction.

No part of a tree can be removed from the grounds of Holyrood palace without the permission of the queen. One, dating from the reign of Queen Mary, was recently blown down, and before the gardeners could touch it, a photograph had to be forwarded to the queen, who formally ordered its removal.

In the West Indian Islands, Nubia and the Soudan, is found the whistling tree. It has a peculiar shaped leaf and pods with a split or open edge. The wind passing through these makes the odd sound that gives the tree its name. In the Barbadoes there is an island filled with these trees, and the wind passing through gives rise to a constant moaning sound, very unpleasant and nerve trying.

Ferry Boats a Hundred Years Ago.

The horse boats between the cities of New York and Brooklyn may be cited as early attempts to solve the problem of transport by water. An interesting feature of these early constructions was the use of a water wheel 12 feet or so in diameter, with 24 floats, the latter inclined slightly to the radius, so as to avoid the lifting of the water, which is so troublesome a feature of the radial float. These horse boats appear to have been of three general designs. In the first a frame, shaped somewhat like the letter A, or an inverted U, was mounted to turn around its vertical axis. Four of these frames, dividing the circle into eight parts, made a sort of skeleton cone, and this cone was caused to revolve by eight horses moving in a horizontal circular path about 20 feet in diameter. The face gear, 16 feet in diameter, drove a three-foot pinion mounted upon the axis on the water-wheel shaft, and the wheels were within the frame, in an opening between half hulls.

The second plan was of a conical skeleton frame at an incline of about one in two, so that the horses had to travel up this inclined service, causing it to rotate with their weight and traction.

In the third plan—a smaller design—the paddle wheels were brought into a well between the two half hulls of the boat, catamaran fashion, as in the first arrangement, and the frame was mounted above the wheels and its rotating motion was transmitted by intermediate idle wheels to the water-wheel shaft. Boats of the first and second class seem to have been about 75 feet long.

It is interesting, also, to observe that the swinging bridge for ferryboat service had been already thought out by Fulton early in this century, with its counterweight construction and its windlass for making the boats fast. Such boats seem to have drawn a little over two feet of water, and to have had perfectly flat bottoms, like scows.—[Prof. F. R. Hutton in Cassier's Magazine for March.

Two Sides.

"Look at this, will you?" exclaimed the real estate and house-renting optimist. "In this paper there is a record of eighty-seven marriage licenses issued yesterday."

"Well, what of it?" said his partner, the pessimist of the firm, who was leaning back in a chair with his hat pulled down over his eyes.

"What of it?" echoed the other. "Can't you see? Those eighty-seven marriage licenses mean eighty-seven marriages. The eighty-seven marriages will lead to eighty-seven inquiries for houses, flats, or at least eligible apartments. It's bound to stimulate business in our line, and we'll get our share."

"That doesn't follow at all. Those eighty-seven licenses represent 174 persons, don't they?"

"Yes."

"Probably all adults?"

"Undoubtedly. What of it?"

"Nothing," growled the pessimist, "except that 174 persons who have hitherto occupied 174 apartments will hereafter occupy eighty-seven. You give me a pain. Go away."—[Beacon.

No Great Danger.

In the Criminal Court the presiding judge on the bench, a German, asked to be excused from jury duty.

"Why?" asked the judge.

"Well, Your Honor, I don't understand good English."

"Oh, you will do," replied the judge. "You won't hear much good English here, anyhow."—[Philadelphia Record.

A traveler in Scotland recently told the porter one night: "You have got to see that I get out at Carlisle; I shall be fast asleep, and it is difficult to wake me or get me up; however, drag me out, and here's half a crown, and if you don't,"—but the rest would turn the paper red. About ten hours later that traveler might have been seen stamping up and down the station at Edinburgh, and using language that caused the lamps to turn blue. At last the guard was brought up to him. After the traveler had exhausted a very highly decorated vocabulary, he asked the guard if he had nothing to say. "Well, mon," said the guard, "I hae muckle to say. Ye may think you can swear finely, but your language is naething compared wi' that of the mon I dragged out at Carlisle."

"I noticed you at the opera last night, Mrs. Budd. Wasn't that a delightful aria by DuMond?" "So sorry I missed that, but I was just giving Mrs. Upton my famous receipt for hard sauce."—[Harper's Bazar.

Danger in Postage Stamps.

One of the newest diseases is the "postage stamp tongue." The credit of discovering it is due to a London physician. It appears that the mucilage itself is injurious, and that, further, it is an excellent cultivating medium for germs of the worst character. In the ailment called "postage stamp tongue" the latter becomes sore and covered with red spots. A bad sore throat is likely to follow if great care is not taken. Apart from the specific disease of the tongue, any contagious disease may be acquired through the medium of mucilage. Never lick a postage stamp with your tongue, say the physicians. It shows a great lack of cleanliness and hygienic knowledge.

How To Sweep An Invalid's Room.

We all know how untidy a sick room becomes and how annoying the dust of the sweeping is to the patient. "To remedy this," said a trained and capable nurse recently, "I put a little ammonia in a pail of warm water and with my mop wrung dry as possible go all over the carpet first. This takes up all the dust and much of the loose dirt. A broom will take what is too large to adhere to the mop and raise no dust. With my dust cloth well sprinkled I go over the furniture and the room is fairly clean."

To Insure Good Digestion.

There are two important rules to observe to insure good digestion: One is never to eat when one is exhausted, and the other is not to work at either mental or manual labor immediately after eating. If nourishment seems to be imperatively needed, an egg beaten in milk, a cup of cocoa, or chocolate, or beef tea may be taken.—Ladies' World.

Miles Out of The Way.

Many curious mistakes occur in the postoffice, but one which came to the notice of a mail clerk on the train between Boston and Portland last week was out of the ordinary. A letter addressed to a person at Frankfork-on-the-Main, in Germany, had been sent here from England, and was being carried to the State of Maine.—[Boston Herald.

The schoolboy was endeavoring to make one or two things clear to his father. "You see," he said, "it's just this way. Every time Willie Jones gets into a fight he gets licked, but he goes around telling every one that he licked the other fellow." The old gentleman nodded to show that he understood. "And that's why we call him 'General Weylor,'" added the boy.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

A free man is one with power to choose whom he shall serve.

Harsh purgative remedies are fast giving way to the gentle action and mild effects of Carter's Little Liver Pills. If you try them, they will certainly please you.

Putting trust in a man is one way of putting a crown on his head.

Prompt relief in sick headache, dizziness, nausea, constipation, pain in the side, guaranteed to those using Carter's Little Liver Pills. One a dose. Small price. Small dose. Small pill.

Health is written across the sidewalk in front of every open house.

Women with pale, colorless faces, who feel weak and discouraged, will receive both mental and bodily vigor by using Carter's Iron Pills, which are made for the blood, nerves and complexion.

After some people get a move on them they seem unable to get it off.

An Opportunity You Now Have

of testing the curative effects of Ely's Cream Balm, the most positive Cure for Catarrh known. Ask your druggist for a 10 cent trial size or send 10 cents, we will mail it. Full size 50 cents.

ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y. City.

My son was afflicted with catarrh. I induced him to try Ely's Cream Balm and disagreeable catarrh smell all left him. He appears as well as any one.—J. C. Olmstead, Arcola, Ill.

A pessimist is an invalid who considers happiness a disease.

The new combination of Smart Weed and Belladonna, as used in Carter's Backache Plasters, has proved to be one of the best that could be made. Try one of these popular plasters in any case of weak or lame back, ache, rheumatism, neuralgia, soreness of the chest or lungs, and you will be surprised and pleased by the prompt relief. In bad cases of chronic dyspepsia, a plaster over the pit of the stomach stops the pain at once. Ask for Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Backache Plasters. Price 25 cents.

CASTORIA.

The fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher.* is on every wrapper.

For Over Fifty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."

The Irony of Fate.

Edward Whymper, the noted mountain climber, who is well known on this coast, has carried the alpenstock for more than thirty years, and has scaled the Chimborazo and the Matterhorn, besides hundreds of lesser peaks, and, although he has had numberless thrilling adventures, including a fall of 600 feet, he never fractured a limb or sustained any serious injury. He did, however, tumble down a flight of stairs in England recently and fractured his collar bone.—[San Francisco Chronicle.

A Hopeful Prospect.

She—"Of course there will never be an American Pope."

The Brother—"Why not? Isn't there a Pope Manufacturing Company in this country?"—[Life.

Reporter—It is said that yourself and your companion, O'Hagarty, were calm and collected after the dynamite explosion at the quarry?

McLoherty—Wull, it wor loike this—Oi wor calm, an' O'Hagerty wor collected.—[New York World.

The greatest obligation of the parent to the child is to give it a safe example.

ROYAL



BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

Celebrated for its great leavening strength and healthfulness. Assures the food against alum and all forms of adulteration common to the cheap brands. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

TIVERTON.

Considerable excitement prevailed in Stone Bridge village Wednesday evening about 6:30 o'clock when a barn belonging to G. Frank Lewis was found to be on fire, the cause being a match and a small fire cracker. It seems that Mrs. Lewis and her little girl of 6 years had returned on the 5:30 train from Newport, having been absent since Tuesday and the mother asked the child to run upstairs and get some matches to start a fire in the basement. The little girl gave the matches to her mother and kept one. She then went to the barn to look at her kittens, and in a few moments she ran screaming to the house saying the barn was on fire. The neighbors quickly appeared on the spot and the fire was soon quenched. There was very little hay in the barn and that was quickly thrown out. The damage done is principally in the east part of the hay loft. Several kittens were cremated.

A regular meeting of Nonquit Grange was held at White's Hall Wednesday evening, and there was a very large attendance. Two candidates were instructed in the third and fourth degrees. The lecturer's hour was passed in select readings and vocal solos by Worthy Overseer John A. Hathaway, Miss Alice Schlegel and Mr. J. Herbert Wilcox and remarks for the good of the order by Deputy George E. Sisson, Mr. Coggeshall, master of Portsmouth Grange and Philip B. Wilbor, master of Little Compton Grange. There was quite a delegation from the last two named granges. Refreshments were served during the evening.

The report of the town treasurer, A. Lincoln Handbly, shows that the income for the past year was $20,407.83 and the total expenses $27,249.18, which leaves an expense of $1,041.35 more than the income. The liabilities of the town up to April 5th, 1897, including four notes held by local banks to the total amount of $22,000, are $24,341.52. The treasurer has on hand in cash $1,887.61, and uncollected taxes bring the total assets up to $4,872.32. The total debt up to April 5th was $119,469.83. The receipts from liquor license for the year was $6,445.83, of which amount, $1,586.87 was paid to the State, leaving a balance of $4,859.37. The stone crusher appropriation of $3,561.07 was exceeded by $61.07. The highway appropriation of $1,500 was exceeded by $162.29. It cost the town $376.00 for shoveling snow, $137.33 to keep the sidewalks in repair. The expenses of the town farm were $1,589.61. Police service, $2,502. Jails, furniture for same and attending expenses were $1,435.40. The general expenses of the town were $2,859.83.

An auction sale of the personal estate of the late Lucy V. Potter was held at the late Edson V. Evans' homestead. There was quite a large attendance; the bidding was lively, as is usual at such sales. Many articles were sold at less than their appraised value, while others were sold for more. There were many choice articles disposed of at a sacrifice.

Measles are prevalent in North Tiverton, in consequence of which the South school is closed. Miss Annie Cameron is teaching in the North school in place of the regular teacher who has received leave of absence.

Mrs. Drake of Auburndale, who has been the guest of Andrew H. Manchester and family returned home Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Cornell, Deacon Philip Gray and wife and the Rev. James E. Goslene left by steamer Queen City Tuesday morning to attend the annual meeting of the Free Baptist Association held in Providence this week.

Station Master William I. Frost and family are visiting relatives at Springvale New Hampshire.

Miss Stella Almy is visiting relatives in Providence.

Rev. J. Proude arrived from Pennsylvania, Friday of last week and preached his first sermon as pastor of the P. M. church, Sunday, to a large congregation.

Adelaide M. Coleman of Fall River has sold to Addie B. Reynolds of Tiverton, a house lot situated near the railway station.

R. S. Reed Co., of Fall River, have sold to Manuel P. Fernandoy of Tiverton, 40 rods of land, being lot No. 20, Sec. C, Bellevue Heights place.

Sarah L. Gardiner of Fall River has quitclaimed to Mary J. Bailey of Tiverton, the undivided half of a certain parcel of land situated in North Tiverton, containing 27.687 square rods of land, more or less, and known as lot 32 in section B, Bellevue Heights.

At the last meeting of the town council bills allowed and orders for payment given amounted to $778.54, of which $107.55 was for police and jail expenses; $183.05 highway expenses; $82.76 town farm expenses; $60 64 sidewalk expenses; $10.40 damages by dogs; $72.80 registering dogs, the rest miscellaneous.

The prospect for a good summer season at Stone Bridge is encouraging.

The repairs on saloons which have been changed to restaurants, are completed and summer visitors and excursionists will be well supplied with dining rooms near the depot.

The summer cottages have been undergoing house-cleaning and general repairs in readiness for summer visitors, some of whom have already arrived.

Nathaniel B. Church and family, who have been spending the winter in Brooklyn, have arrived at their handsome residence on Nannaquaket Point.

The Pleadwell cottage is let for the season to J. F. Johnson and family of Fall River.

Miss Bertha Cottrell of Stone Bridge has been engaged as teacher in district No. 1, which commenced the spring term last week.

Mr. Phillipe Brosseau is erecting a store and dwelling house on the corner of State avenue and Main street, where he intends to start an apothecary store in addition to the one he conducts in Bowenville.

At the school meeting in district No. 1 Squire M. Chace was elected trustee, Warren W. Almy, collector and treasurer, Fred Wilcox, clerk.

"150 Sets of Croquet,"

in all the different grades,

From the cheapest complete set made, for 95 cents, to the finest Club set, for $15.

Complete sets for eight players, for 95c, $1.49, $1.90, $2.50, $3.50, $4, $4.50, $5, $7.50, $10 and $15.

We are headquarters for outdoor Games and carry complete lines of

Base Ball Goods, Tennis, Golf and Archery.

COME IN AND SEE OUR

HAMMOCKS,

over 25 different styles to select from, from 49c to $5.00.

A. C. LANDERS,

COVELL'S BLOCK,

167 Thames Street,

Headquarters for Outdoor and Indoor GAMES AND SPORTS.

'LECTION---Special LOW PRICES at

Schreier's

Queen Anne Millinery Establishment,



—IN—

TRIMMED HATS

—AND—

Toques,

LARGE VARIETY

Children's Hats,

Sailors' Walking Hats,

Like Hats and Caps

NEWPORT

HAT BANDS,

in honor of the Gunboat, GOLD LETTERING.

Sea Shore & Garden Hats.

MILLINERY

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

New Advertisements.

YOUR MONEY'S WORTH OR YOUR MONEY BACK, OUR GUARANTEE.

Close

Inspection

of quality and prices on

Clothing, Hats, Caps and Men's Furnishings,

will convince you that we give more for the money than anybody else in town. We're showing the handsomest kind of Men's Business and Dress Suits, at $10, $12 and $15. Suits that fit and give satisfaction.

Model Clothing Co.,

192 & 194 THAMES ST.

Foster's Weather Bulletin.

Copyrighted, 1897, by W. T. Foster.

ST. JOSEPH, MO., May 29.—My last bulletin gave forecasts of the storm wave to cross the continent from June 2 1 to 6th and the next will reach the Pacific coast about June 7th, cross the west of Rockies country by close of 8th, great central valleys 9th to 11th, eastern states 12th.

Warm wave will cross the west of Rockies country about 7th, great central valleys 8th, eastern states 11th. Cool wave will cross the west of Rockies country about 10th, great central valleys 12th, eastern states 14th.

The third disturbance of June will reach the Pacific coast about 12th, cross the west of Rockies country by close of 13th, great central valleys 14th to 16th, eastern states 18th.

Warm wave will cross the west of Rockies country about 12th, great central valleys 14th, eastern states 16th. Cool wave will cross the west of Rockies country about 15th, great central valleys 17th, eastern states 19th.

GENERAL JUNE WEATHER.

The month, as a general average of the United States and Canada, will be about an average in temperature, going more above the normal in the northern than in the southern states.

The New England states will have the greatest excess of temperatures and the southeastern states the lowest averages. The extremes of average temperatures will not be so marked in any other section as in the Atlantic coast states.

June rainfall will generally be deficient. The greatest amount of rain will probably fall along and near a line drawn from Peoria, Illinois to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania and the least rain along and near a line drawn from Portsmouth, Ohio, by way of Cincinnati, Cairo and Fort Smith to San Antonio, Texas. The upper Mississippi and upper Missouri valleys promise to be dry. The Rocky Mountain country will have fair rains.

As a general average of the temperature of the whole country the last part of June will be much above and the first part much below the normal. This will make the temperature very high in the New England states the last part of the month and very low in the southeastern states during the first part.

A wave of very low temperature is expected to pass through the northern states during the last days of May and a high temperature wave through the same belt from 8th to 12th of June.

The most rain, particularly in the northern states, will fall from 4th to 10th and the least, particularly in the southern states will be from 13th to 18th and 25th to 30th.

Temperature for the week ending June 6th will be about normal in the New England states and about the lower lakes, very much below in the southeastern states, a little below in the Middle Mississippi valley states and generally below in all other sections.

Rainfall of the week mentioned above will be below normal in the southwestern states, the middle Mississippi, lower Ohio and lower Missouri valleys and about normal in all other sections.

IVER JOHNSON

BICYCLES,

$60 CASH.

'97 TIRES, SADDLES AND HANDLE BARS.

☞ A strictly high grade wheel at a fair price.

DON'T

Spend your money for cheap bargain store wheels, they will cost you more in the end.

BAILEY & CO., Machinists,

17 Mill Street.

The F. F. Tebbetts Co.,

121 Westminster Street, Providence, R. I.

Specials For this week.

They are to indicate the values and great reductions we have made in the prices of our large stock of NEW SPRING GARMENTS.

5.00 TAN KERSEY JACKets, all silk lined; never sold before for less than $7.50.

1.50 All our Children's Reefers at one price to close them out.

5.98 A FUR COLLARETTE of fine Electric Seal, with a Persian yoke; never sold before for less than $10.

10.00 BICYCLE SUIT OF 4 pieces, Jacket, Skirt, Leggins and Purse, in handsome brown and grey checks, well worth $15.00.

4.98 16 LADIES' SILK CAPES trimmed with lace and jet; they would be cheap at $10.00.

69c WE ARE CLOSING OUT all our Wrappers at 69c, former prices 98c to $2.48; mostly in 38, 40 and 42 bust measure.

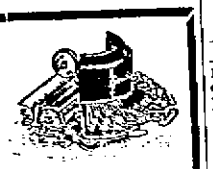
3.98 LADIES' SILK WAISTS, in black and colors; some very handsome patterns; always sold for $7.50.

2.98 SEPARATE SKIRTS IN black and colors; some handsome mixtures; regular $5.00 quality.

SIGN OF THE GREAT WHITE BEAR

BUTLER EXCHANGE.

DO YOU KNOW?



That a Typewriter will save you time, make you money and please your correspondents? Tower's NEW FRANKLIN Typewriter, price $75.00, is a first class Typewriter at a reasonable price. It is the simplest, lightest running, easiest, fastest and the most durable Typewriter made. On the majority of other high grade machines the carriage has to be lifted before the work can be seen. On the New Franklin the work is in sight from the time the first letter is written until the paper is removed from the typewriter.

We will place a machine in your office and if you find you cannot use it to excellent advantage, the trial costs you nothing. For illustrated catalogue and full particulars write to

CUTTER TOWER CO.,

Established, 1845. 72 & Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

Some Facts Concerning Cream Separators.

Facts are stubborn things, they hit hard when you rub against better goods.

Now for a Cream Separator. THE RUSSIAN is the best. There is always one at the head, and we have that one. There are SIX in use on the Island, giving satisfaction, and all parties looking into the merits of the different separators will buy no other. See how a cheap machine may serve you.

RUTLAND, VT., U. S. A., 1897.

GEORGE A. WEAVER CO., Newport, R. I.

Dear Sirs:—Once again a Creamery has been wrecked and a man's life jeopardized by a bursting Alpha Separator. The terrible accident happened at Milton, Vt., in the Creamery of H. A. Allen. A correspondent writing under date of January 25th, says:

"Mr. Allen is here but declines to make any statement as he is afraid of offending the Swedish people. The bowl raised about four feet, the spindle broke in two and went through a window with the velocity of a cannon ball and half embedded itself in an old apple tree and glanced from there and landed under the corn barn. The spindle, in its flight, hit a chunk of iron plate, an inch thick, and broke off a corner.

"The circular iron plate which holds the rubber down on the upper bearing broke into several pieces and flew about with great force. A piece of the bowl went right through a can of milk. Allen was the only witness and it is very hard to get any information whatever in regard to the accident."

These accidents occur far more frequently than is generally known. The Alpha people always try to hush them at any expense and usually succeed, except when a man is killed by one of these bursting Alpha Separators, such as was the case a few weeks ago in Australia.

On Jan. 10th, at Middleville, N. Y., Mr. Holly Patrie had his leg terribly lacerated by a bursting separator. His father was also knocked down by the concussion, but escaped more serious injury.

Though many thousands of Sharples' Separators are in daily use throughout the world, not one has ever burst nor ever will burst, they are not built that way.

Yours very truly, J. T. ALLINSON, Mgr. B.

A Clean Sweep!

At the RUTLAND COUNTY FAIR (one of the largest in the New England States) L. W. Ackley of Clarendon received 1st prize on 25lbs. Dairy Butter in packages; C. H. Manley, West Salisbury, 2d prize. Next 10 lbs Dairy Butter in prints, W. S. Haynes of Chippenhook secured 1st prize and L. W. Ackley 2d. For the best package of Creamery Butter, not less than five pounds, 1st prize was awarded to A. E. Spear of Hartland, Vt. Every butter securing a prize was made from a SHARPLES SEPARATOR. The Sharples Cream Separators have taken more first premiums than all other Separators combined, and they always take the first prize, and usually all the prizes on butter.

P. M. SHARPLES,

West Chester, Pa. Elgin, Ill. Rutland, Vt.

THE GEO. A. WEAVER CO.,

19, 21, 23 Broadway, Newport, R. I.

PORTSMOUTH

Six weeks ago, while planting potatoes, Mr. E. G. Boyd lost his watch in the field. This week while his man was hoeing in the field he found the watch in excellent condition.

Mr. and Mrs. Seth G. Rees, and their son Loring, have been in town this week.

At the convention of the third district of the Women's Christian Temperance Union held at the Baptist Church in Warren last week, Mrs. Eunice Greene, of this town, was elected secretary for the ensuing year.

The act, before the legislature, to incorporate "The Union Cemetery" in this town, passed the House on Tuesday of last week, it having previously passed the Senate.

Portsmouth Grange P. of H. will hold its annual Strawberry Festival, in Oakland Hall, on Tuesday evening, June 1 to be followed with a social.

Supper Tickets 25 cts., social 10.

Major and Mrs. Gibbs were in town on Tuesday.

A bronze tablet, two by three feet in size, was attached to the front face of the southeast corner of the tower of the First Baptist church, Warren, with impressive exercises, Tuesday. The tablet commemorates the erection on the site of the church in 1703, of the first Baptist meeting-house in Warren, in which, on Sept. 7, 1707, was held the first commencement of Rhode Island College, now Brown University. This memorial is erected by the Benevolent Baptist Society, incorporated in 1785, which built the present meeting-house, in 1884. Rev. W. H. Watjen gave an historical address, Acting President Clarke of Brown University, Rev. Dr. R. A. Guild, librarian emeritus of Brown, and others made briefer addresses, and Hezekiah Butterworth, of Boston, read a long poem full of tender recollections of and tributes to departed worthies identified with the church and of aspiration and hope for the Christian cause to which they were so zealously devoted.

Harsh purgative remedies are fast giving way to the gentle action and mild effects of Carter's Little Liver Pills. If you try them, they will certainly please you.

New Advertisements.

WE HAVE A FEW

SQUARE PIANOS

(all in good order)

that we will sell very low if taken at once.

If you can use one call and we will give you a bargain.

J. H. BARNEY, JR., & CO.,

154 Thames Street.

Piano Boxes for sale.

★ D. L. CUMMINGS, ★

Newport Novelty Store

Large Assortment of

GOLD PENS

—AND—

PENCILS.

—ALSO—

WRITING PAPER, ENVELOPES, PADS, ruled and plain, MEMORANDUM BOOKS, LEAD PENCILS, PENS and HOLDERS, INK, MUCILAGE, PENCIL SHARPENERS, RULERS, &C.

152 Thames Street.

★ NEWPORT, R. I. ★

MORTGAGEE'S SALE.

BY VIRTUE of a power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed, executed by Lewis R. Hazard, then in full life but since deceased, to Joseph B. Cory, bearing date November 17, 1884, and duly recorded in Land Evidence of the town of Portsmouth, Book No. 19 on page 5 5 and 6, there having been default in the performance of the conditions contained in said mortgage, there will be sold at public auction, on the premises hereinafter described, in the said town of Portsmouth, on WEDNESDAY, June 9, 1897, at 10 o'clock a. m., all the right, title and interest of the said Lewis R. Hazard, at the time of the execution of said mortgage, and to that certain tract or parcel of land, situate in said town of Portsmouth, containing three acres, more or less, bounded Northerly, by land of Peter D. Boyd and wife; Easterly, by the Main Road, leading from Stone Bridge to Newport; Southerly, partly by land of Betsey D. Hazard and partly by land of said Joseph B. Cory, and Westerly, by land of said Cory.

The administrator and heir at-law of the aforesaid mortgage hereby gives notice of his intention to bid at said sale.

L. D. TALLMAN, Auctioneer.

5 5 4w

"BUILT LIKE A WATCH."



STERLING BICYCLES

BEAR EXAMINATION.

Strong, graceful, easy running and durable.

Sterling Cycle Works, Chicago, Ill.

ASK FOR CATALOGUE.

AGENCY:

THIS SPACE RESERVED FOR NAME OF GOOD AGENT, WHOSE SHALL IT BE?

5-27-tf

New Advertisements.

1971
REPORT

OF THE CONDITION of the FIRST NATIONAL BANK, at Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business, May 14, 1897.

RESOURCES.	DOLLARS.
Loans and discounts	$ 80,996 12
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	1 611 76
U. S. bonds to secure circulation	120,000 00
U. S. bonds to secure U. S. deposits	50,000 00
Stocks, securities, etc	6,911 38
Banking house, furniture and fixtures	15,000 00
Due from National Banks (not reserve agents)	84 83
Due from approved reserve agents	18,9 0 93
Checks and other cash items	1 661 42
Notes of other National Banks	1,514 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels, and cents	282 32
LAWFUL MONEY RESERVE IN BANK, VIZ:	
Specie 3,700 00	
Legal tender notes 6,013 00	10,713 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation)	5,400 00
TOTAL	$453,865 79

LIABILITIES.	DOLLARS.
Capital stock paid in	$120,000 00
Surplus Fund	60,000 00
Undivided profits less expenses and taxes paid	13,165 32
National bank notes outstanding	96,100 00
Due to State banks and bankers	12,017 80
Dividends unpaid	95 00
Individual deposits subject to check	99,915 40
Cashier's checks outstanding	784 71
United States deposits	38,581 82
Deposits of U. S. disbursing officers	10,714 74
TOTAL	$453,865 79

State of Rhode Island, County of Newport, ss.

I, Nath'l R. Swinburne, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

NATH'L R. SWINBURNE, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 20th day of May, 1897.

PACKER BRAMAN, Notary Public.

CORRECT—ATTEST: John S. Langley, George C. Carr, Francis S. Barker, Directors.

NEWPORT AND WICKFORD

RAILROAD AND STEAMBOAT CO.

THE WICKFORD ROUTE.

In effect June 1, 1897.

Leave

	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Newport	7 10	10 00	1 20	4 20	17 40	*11 15
Providence, arr	8 55	11 57	3 21	6 15	9 05	....
Boston "	10 10	1 15	4 30	7 25	11 00	....
New York "	2 00	4 30	7 30	11 00	H	7 00

	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	
Leave						
New York	*12 00	....	5 00	10 03	1 02	5 00
Boston		6 45	10 03	1 03	3 45	7 00
Providence		8 03	11 02	2 09	5 00	8 20
Newport, arr		8 30	9 45	1 00	4 00	7 00

	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
	6 30	9 45	1 00	4 00	7 00	10 35

*Washington Express due Harlem River Station, 2:15 A. M.; Philadelphia, 6 40 A. M.; Baltimore, 9 37 A. M.; Washington, 10 42 A. M.

†Through train between Wickford Junction, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington without change.

‡Daily.

For Tickets and Drawing Room chairs apply at Steamer General, Commercial wharf, or at the Transfer Co.'s office, 30 Bellevue avenue.

C. U. COFFIN, Agent, Newport.

New Advertisements.

Auction Sale.

COMMENCING

SATURDAY NIGHT

and continuing every

AFTERNOON AND EVENING,

ENTIRE STOCK TO BE SOLD.

STOVES, RANGES, ICE CHESTS, TIN WARE, CROCKERY, COAL HODS, WATER POTS, WOODEN WARE, OIL CANS, OIL STOVES, &C.

LANGLEY & SHARPE, 267 Thames street.

5-1

DO YOU REALIZE

ALL OUR GOODS ARE

SELLING AT COST or LESS

Milk Pails, CANS AND PANS, Wooden Ware, Crockery, TOILET SETS —AND— GLASSWARE.

Brushes, Dusters, Scrubs, Brooms, Etc.

Ice Chests —AND— GARDEN TOOLS.

PARLOR STOVES at your own price.

Langley & Sharpe,

267 THAMES STREET,

3-27 NEWPORT, R. I.

Charles B. Marsh,

Real Estate Agent,

5-15-3m 138 BROADWAY.

BISCUITS.

New Goods.

Raspberry Bars. Fig Bars.

American Fancy, Huntley and Palmer's Biscuits.

Zwiback or Rusks.

Swedish Health Bread, for dyspeptics.

A new condiment, Celery Mustard.

Blood Oranges, 20c. a dozen.

Olive Oil, Catsup and German Mustard in bulk.

LOUIS EHRHARDT, JR.

271 THAMES STREET

STORE TO LET

at 184 Thames Street, heat and water furnished free.

APPLY TO

DAVIS, SWARD & MAGILL,

169 THAMES STREET.

MEDICAL.

DR. & MRS. REINHARD'S monthly regulator has brought happiness to hundreds of anxious women; have never had a single failure; longest cases relieved in 2 or 3 days without fail; positively safe; by mail or at office; all letters truthfully answered.

260 THAMES STREET, Newport, R. I.

5-8-1m

New Advertisements.

1805
REPORT

OF THE CONDITION of the NATIONAL EXCHANGE BANK, at Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business, on May 14, 1897.

RESOURCES.	DOLLARS
Loans and discounts	$222,706 55
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	1,858 24
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	100,000 00
U. S. Bonds on hand	50,000 00
Premiums on U. S Bonds	18,400 00
Stocks, securities, etc	50,801 25
Banking House, furniture and fixtures	20,502 87
Due from approved reserve agents	18,723 82
Checks and other cash items	17,181 45
Notes of other National Banks	4,975 00
Fractional Paper Currency, Nickels and Cents	856 72
LAWFUL MONEY RESERVE IN BANK, VIZ:	
Specie 13,151 15	
Legal tender notes 1,662 00	15,816 15
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5% of circulation)	4,500 00
Due from U. S. Treasurer, other than 5 per cent. redemption fund	2,000 00
TOTAL	$532,937 43

LIABILITIES.	DOLLARS
Capital stock paid in	$100,000 00
Surplus fund	40,000 00
Undivided profits less expenses and taxes paid	11,736 47
National bank notes outstanding	85,030 00
Individual deposits subject to check	295,176 96
Bills payable	70,000 00
TOTAL	$532,937 43

State of Rhode Island, County of Newport, ss:

I, George H. Proud, Cashier of the National Exchange Bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

GEORGE H. PROUD, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 20th day of May, 1897.

BENJAMIN MARBH, 2d, Notary Public.

CORRECT—ATTEST:—Edward A. Brown, David Brayman, John P. Sanborn, Directors.

1892.
REPORT

OF THE CONDITION of the NEWPORT NATIONAL BANK, at Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business, May 14, 1897.

RESOURCES.	DOLLARS.
Loans and discounts	$173,260 47
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	125 25
U. S. bonds to secure circulation	110,000 00
Premiums on U. S. bonds	7,000 00
Stocks, securities, etc	31,600 00
Banking-house, furniture and fixtures	6,800 00
Due from National Banks (not Reserve Agents)	217 48
Due from State Banks and bankers	2,579 00
Due from approved reserve agents	63,161 74
Checks and other cash items	1,578 15
Notes of other National Banks	2,200 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels, and cents	691 56
LAWFUL MONEY RESERVE IN BANK, VIZ:	
Specie 14,228 60	
Legal tender notes 10,600 00	24,828 60
Redemption Fund with U. S. Treasurer, (5 per cent. of circulation)	4,950 00
TOTAL	$518,812 13

LIABILITIES	DOLLARS.
Capital stock paid in	$120,500 00
Surplus Fund	20,000 00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	23,169 22
National Bank Notes outstanding	88,300 00
Dividends unpaid	610 20
Individual deposits subject to check	224,261 31
Cashier's checks outstanding	2,481 10
TOTAL	$518,812 13

State of Rhode Island, County of Newport, ss.

I, Henry G. Stevens, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief. H. C. STEVENS, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 21st day of May, 1897.

PACKER BRAMAN, Notary Public.

CORRECT—ATTEST:—Wm. E. Dennis, Henry Bull, Jr., Albert K. Sherman Directors.

1532.
REPORT

OF THE CONDITION of the NATIONAL BANK of RHODE ISLAND of NEWPORT, at Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business, May 14, 1897.

RESOURCES.	DOLLARS
Loans and discounts	$136,859 56
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	647 95
U. S. bonds to secure circulation	100,000 00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds	2,850 00
Stocks, securities, etc	175,310 00
Banking house, furniture and fixtures	3,500 00
Due from National banks (not Reserve Agents)	435 68
Due from State Banks and bankers	1,780 21
Due from approved reserve agents	9,000 15
Checks and other cash items	2,423 34
Exchanges for clearing-house	1,064 86
Notes of other National Banks	1,615 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents	320 00
LAWFUL MONEY RESERVE IN BANK, VIZ:	
Specie 13,911 59	
Legal tender notes 10,000 00	23,911 59
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation)	4,500 00
Due from U. S. Treasurer, other than 5 per cent. redemption fund	630 00
TOTAL	$413,101 59

LIABILITIES.	DOLLARS
Capital stock paid in	$100,000 00
Surplus fund	40,000 00
Undivided profits less expenses and taxes paid	9,077 20
National bank notes outstanding	89,115 00
Due to other National banks	513 74
Dividends unpaid	4 00
Individual deposits subject to check	213,965 12
Certified checks	83 36
Cashier's checks outstanding	341 37
Bills payable	20,000 00
TOTAL	$473,101 59

State of Rhode Island, County of Newport, ss.

I, Thomas P. Peckham, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

THOMAS P. PECKHAM, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 21st day of May, 1897.

CLARENCE A. HAMMETT, Notary Public.

CORRECT—ATTEST:—Frederick Tompkins, H. Wallace Briggs, Argus McLeod, Directors.

1548.
REPORT

OF THE CONDITION of the AQUIDNECK NATIONAL BANK, at Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business May 14, 1897.

RESOURCES.	DOLLARS
Loans and discounts	$205,481 79
Overdrafts secured and unsecured	264 93
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	150,000 00
U. S. bonds on hand	10,000 00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds	29,160 00
Stocks, securities, etc	119 813 00
Banking house, furniture and fixtures	61,000 00
Other real estate and mortgages owned	4,000 00
Due from State banks and bankers	1,729 10
Checks, and other cash items	4 75
Exchanges for clearing	2,273 59
Notes of other National Banks	1,270 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents	752 17
LAWFUL MONEY RESERVE IN BANK, VIZ:	
Specie 20,420 75	
Legal tender notes 14,677 00	35,127 75
Redemption Fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation)	6,750 00
TOTAL	$679,115 13

LIABILITIES.	DOLLARS
Capital stock paid in	$200,000 00
Surplus Fund	21,900 00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	11,285 25
National bank notes outstanding	135,500 00
Due to other national banks	15,953 02
Due to State Banks and Bankers	551 77
Dividends unpaid	102 50
Individual deposits subject to check	194,438 85
Certified Checks	7,000 00
Cashiers' checks outstanding	1,801 24
Bills payable	75,000 00
TOTAL	$670 115 13

State of Rhode Island, County of Newport, ss:

I, Charles T. Hopkins, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true, to the best of my knowledge and belief.

CHARLES T. HOPKINS, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 20th day of May, 1897.

EUGENE C. O'NEILL, Notary Public.

CORRECT—ATTEST:—Wm. P. Clarke, Lewis L. Simmons, Dudley Newton, Directors.

$500 REWARD.

A REWARD of Five Hundred Dollars will be paid for the apprehension and conviction of the party or parties who may be found guilty by the Court of the crime of incendiarism or arson in the premises situated on Block Island, in the town of New Shoreham, R. I., on the West Beach, so called, and known as the Neck Pound Co.'s Storehouse, a building containing scines, nets, etc., burned on the night of March 30th, 1897. The said reward will be paid only on final conviction of the criminal or criminals of the crime of incendiarism or arson and of their incarceration under the final sentence of the courts of this State

Signed, by order and in behalf of the Town Council of New Shoreham.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Town Clerk.

5-4